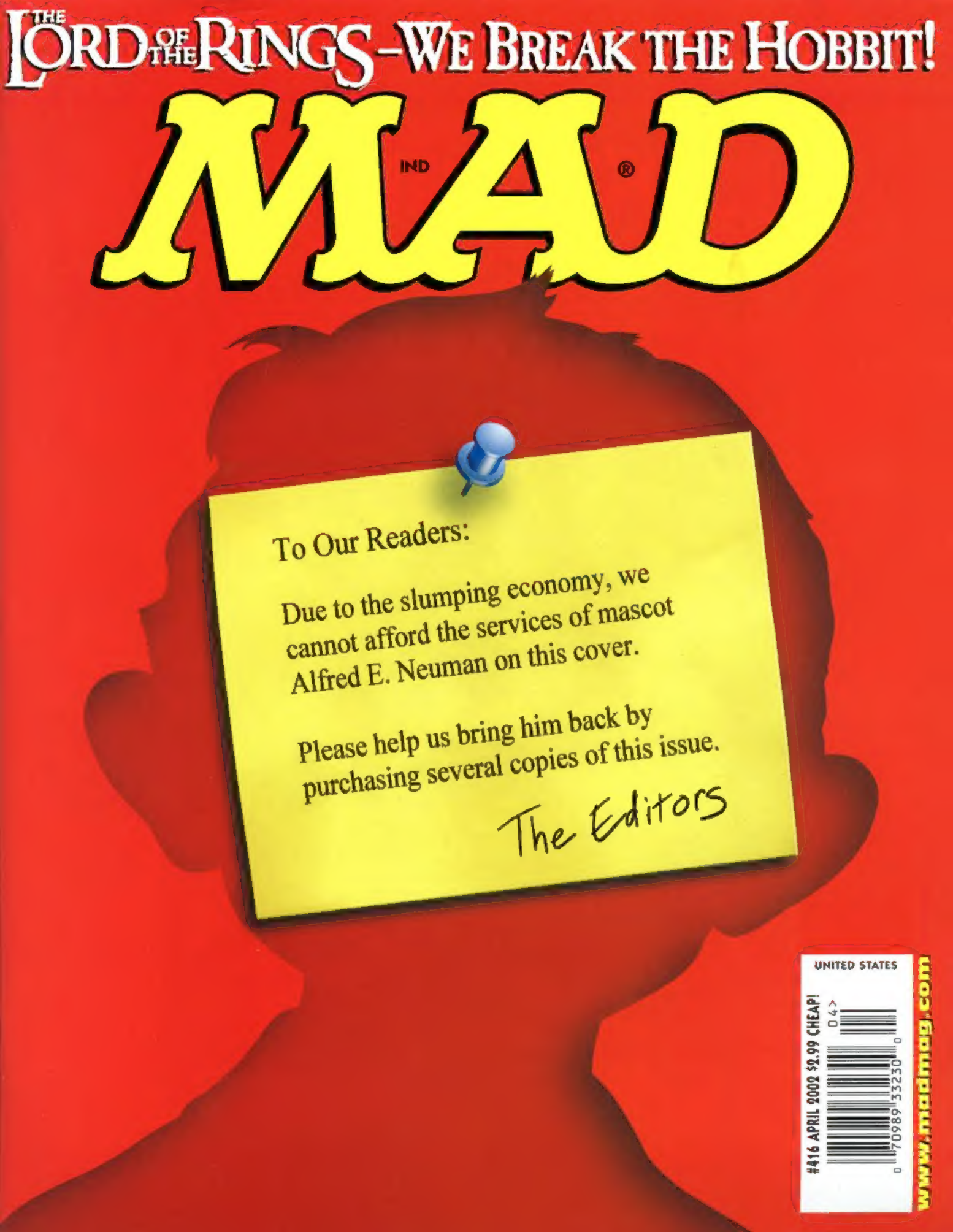
THE LORD OF THE RINGS—WE BREAK THE HOBBIT!

MAD

IND


To Our Readers:
Due to the slumping economy, we cannot afford the services of mascot Alfred E. Neuman on this cover.
Please help us bring him back by purchasing several copies of this issue.
The Editors

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APRIL 2002 NUMBER 416

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"The problem with instant gratification is that it often takes too long!"

"JOINT" CUSTODY OF MAD

It took me ending up in county jail with a stiff nine-month sentence to finally start reading MAD again. Not only is it entertaining, I can also trade it for Ramen soups when I'm done. Keep up the good work.

Al Kamykowski
French Camp, CA

Big Al — This is not the first time you will read on the Letters Page our contention that MAD is and remains one of the great prison reads! We hope you beat the rap, but if not, we strongly urge you to visit madmag.com and click "subscription, three years and longer." See you in the showers, honeybuns! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

My dumb wish is for you to have "A MAD Look at Osama bin Laden" in an upcoming issue.

Mike Gerber
Quartz Hill, CA

Gerber Baby — Osama bin Laden continues to be a magnet for *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ requests (see Letters Page, MAD #413). But as we've often stated, it is the raison d'etre of us at the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ to make dumb wishes come true. It just so happens we have legions of underage writers working double shifts at comedy sweatshops to produce boffo bin Laden articles! Here's but a snippet of an upcoming feature we're calling...

DIVING INTO THE GENE POOL

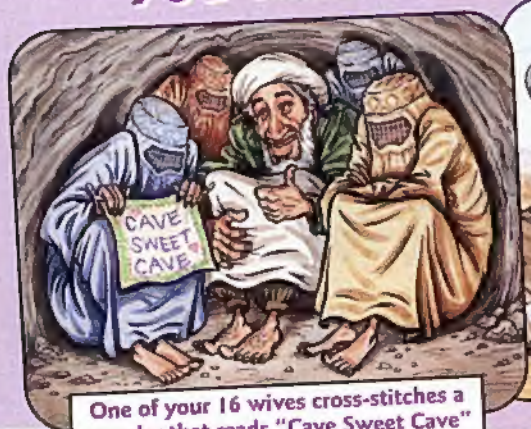
Issue #413 is full of mistakes, but one of them really stands out. In "Amazing Facts (and Surprising Discoveries) From the Human Genome DNA Project" you said that Watson and Crick looked through a microscope and saw the double helix. Watson and Crick were actually chemists and they dissected DNA. After they had all of the measurements, they could not figure how it fit together. They sent the specifications to a machinist and he figured out that the only way it could fit together was in the shape of a double helix. We must give credit where credit is due.

Jim Dewey
Burton, OH

Jimbo — Why do we get the feeling your head is also in the shape of a double helix? —Ed.

Holy Celebrity Snap! Holy coincidence! Not only is Adam West (the ONLY true Batman) the focus of this month's Celebrity Snap, he's also the writer of the introduction to a brand new MAD book, *MAD About Super Heroes*, which is on sale now at fine bookstores everywhere. Holy cheap and shameless plug! Regardless, Michael Brusko of Lewisville, TX receives a one-year subscription for his photo of his daughter, Charlie, with the Caped Crusader!

You Know You're Osama bin Laden When...



One of your 16 wives cross-stitches a sampler that reads "Cave Sweet Cave"

You scour UN Relief Packages for Just For Men beard touch-up

Your video is number one on Al Jazeera's TRL (Totally Repressed Live)

ARTIST: RAY ALMA

MONROE'S FAN CLUB

It's about time you move those four pages of nose snot (called Monroe) to the back of your magazine. It makes it easy for me to skip the article.

Ken McClelland
Reston, VA

Kenny— Skip the article? Skip a month with America's favorite dysfunctional family? Oh no. In fact, not only will we not honor your request to move Monroe to the back of the magazine, we're taking the liberty of nominating you to be President of the Official Monroe Fan Club. We invite all readers who wish to become charter members of the fan club (for which there are no dues, no privileges and no materials) to send their name and address to Ken "The Reluctant President of the Monroe Fan Club" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

SUB THY NEIGHBOR

Hi, my name is Erika Holden. I've been reading MAD for two years (I'm 11 years old) and my mom has been reading it for 22 years (she's 30 years old). Anyway, I just wanted to tell you that if MAD wasn't a magazine, then my family would be normal. But thank goodness you are. By the way, you should be happy to know that we are the weirdest family on our block!

Erika Holden
St. Marys, GA

E! — Sorry to hear you are the weirdest family on your block, but fortunately for you, we do have a solution. This Saturday, get up bright and early, begin knocking on all your neighbors' doors and don't leave until you convince each and every one of them to subscribe to MAD. Within a few issues, every one of your neighbors will be just as weird as you. We're glad to help out, and send our love to mom! —Ed.

HOW TO REACH US
Please address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 416, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

"REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT SEEING YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY SUFFERING FROM THE DARK WINDS OF POVERTY AND DESPAIR?"

THE GOURD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

UPDATE! In MAD #414 we printed photos from readers who wasted their time carving Alfred's face into their Halloween pumpkins. Like all beautiful things in life, they eventually wind up dead and shriveled, a mere shell of their former self. It is with this cheery thought in mind that we present Great Falls, VA resident Gene Philip's Alfred-E- Lanlern the week after. We even think it looks a little like Kathleen Turner. Enjoy!

CEMETERY SNAPS

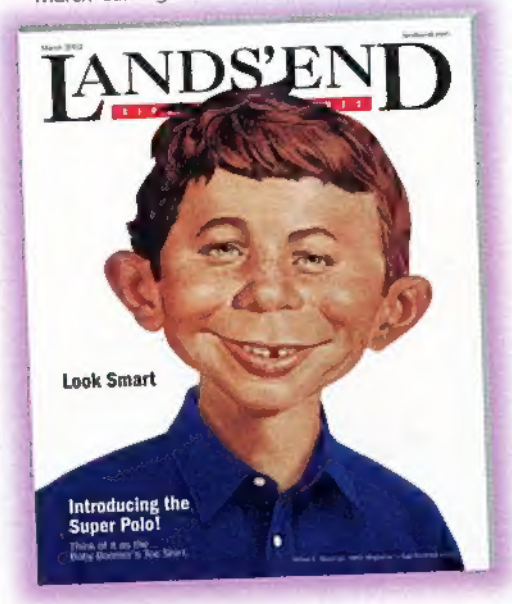
After a grueling and exhausting search of every cemetery in the city of Appleton, WI, I discovered the perfect shot. Here I am next to the grave of Communist hunter Joseph R. McCarthy. As we took the photo, I could have sworn I heard the sound of Tail Gunner Joe turning over in his grave.

Colin Martin
Appleton, WI

Collie — Mocking the grave of distinguished Red-baiting Senator Joe McCarthy? Sir, at long last, have you left no sense of decency? Look for your one-year subscription in the mail! —Ed.

FROM COVER TO COVER

It appears as if missing MAD cover boy Alfred E. Neuman had no trouble lining up work after the bad economy prompted his absence from the cover of *this* issue! Our grinning gap-toothed idiot can be found on the cover of the Land's End March catalogue! Take note, Victoria's Secret!



THE WORD OF CLOD

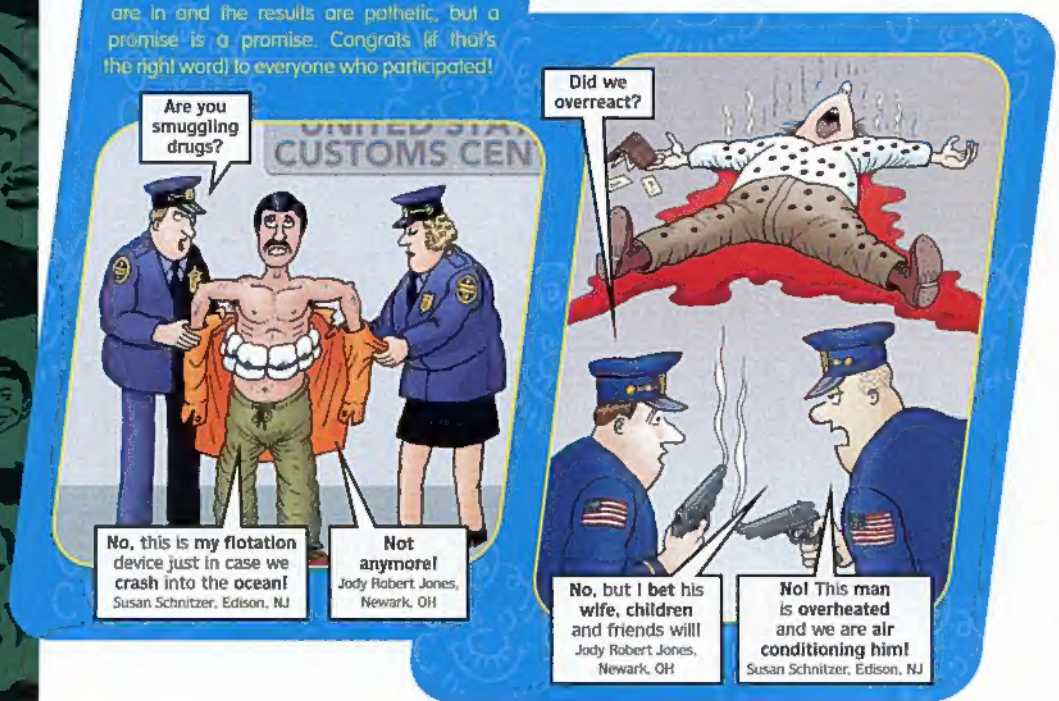
In a world filled with hate and evil, I see that MAD is doing its part in spreading your brand of tolerance. "Hate Christians!" That is what I see when I look at pages 15 ("The Controversial Artist Instruction School") and 28 ("The MAD 20: Jerry Falwell Attacks America") in issue #413. As an American and Christian I support the First Amendment protecting freedom of speech. Having said that, your attack on Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, *The 700 Club* and the Bible is protected by the Constitution and should be "tolerated" by all "good little Christians." Right? So then, why doesn't MAD "tolerate" the remarks made by Mr. Falwell and Robertson? Where is their "Freedom of speech"? Why is it not OK for Jerry Falwell to "attack America," but OK for MAD to attack him? Furthermore, I see that your "guided" reading of the Bible has brought you to put it in its "proper place" according to MAD (see page 15) and why does MAD care how Jerry Falwell is spreading the word of Jesus? Since you think or know that he is not, perhaps you and your magazine should take his place. I'm sure you could do a better job. Perhaps you should examine your level of "tolerance" before you judge others.

Robert Ochampaugh
Hollywood, FL

Bobby — It's a shame your letter was written in December, 2001 and not January, 2002, because it would be the perfect candidate to head up "The MAD 20 dumbest people, events and things of 2002"! In fact, we took the liberty of channeling several of our forefathers including Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington and they all agreed that when they wrote the First Amendment it was not their intention to cover under the guise of free speech moronic drivel such as the letter you sent us. We'll pray for you. —Ed.

SNAPPY ANSWERS?

Back in MAD #412 we ran "Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions: Special Law Enforcement Edition" in which we foolishly invited readers to send in their own snappy answers to our stupid questions. We even more foolishly promised to print some of the best ones in an upcoming issue. Well, the snappy answers are in and the results are pathetic, but a promise is a promise. Congrats (if that's the right word) to everyone who participated!


Are you smuggling drugs?
CUSTOMS CEN
No, this is my flotation device just in case we crash into the ocean!
Susan Schnitzer, Edison, NJ
Not anymore!
Jody Robert Jones, Newark, OH
Did we overreact?
No, but I bet his wife, children and friends will!
Jody Robert Jones, Newark, OH
No! This man is overheated and we are air conditioning him!
Susan Schnitzer, Edison, NJ

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD MAGAZINE'S PRIVACY POLICY

Your privacy is important to us. Why? Because by invading your privacy, we might just be able to make a few extra bucks!

We'd like you to believe our privacy policy is just your "everyday, typical" privacy policy that you've seen and read hundreds of times elsewhere, so you'll just skip reading it and move on to something else.

Are you still reading this? Well, one thing we've learned about you already is that you're quite uncooperative! Now PLEASE stop reading this and move on! Why you should care about what we do with the personal information we collect on you, your family and your friends is beyond anything we can comprehend!

THE INFORMATION WE COLLECT

If you've ever visited MADMAG.COM, you know that on our site you can order products, enter contests, vote in polls and express an opinion. You should know that while we value your opinion, what we *really* value is the information we collect on you and can then sell to other companies over and over again. To the best of our knowledge, this is the only way anyone has ever made money on the internet!

At MADMAG.COM, the data we collect includes: name, address, e-mail address, telephone number, fax number, credit card numbers and information about your interests. If you have a webcam hooked up to your computer, when you're not looking, we may turn it on from our end and take a peek around your room. If we find anything interesting, we may take some photos, but rest assured they are ONLY for our own files. So as not to invade your privacy, we will never tell you when we're doing this.

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We sometimes use the information we collect to communicate with you, such as to notify you when you have won one of our contests (very, very rare) or when we offer new merchandise (very, very often)! In addition, we sometimes make changes to our subscriber agreements (very, very often) and notify you about these changes (very, very rare)! It is important to remember that the information we collect provides for an interactive experience. We send you e-mail offers you don't want and you e-mail back, asking us to stop and to remove your name from our e-mail lists. This is about as interactive as you can find anywhere on the web! And the fact that we rarely pay attention to those "remove my name" requests makes it even more interactive, as your follow-up e-mails for us to stop become more and more frequent (and hostile)!

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We have sophisticated electronic safeguards to prevent unauthorized access to your personal data. We use a super-secret security password that no one would think of willy-nilly. As a matter of fact, that *is* our super-secret password: willy-nilly! Who would ever think of using willy-nilly as a password to get at the trillions of personal facts we have on file in our databases? Probably no one! And for added security, we alternate our willy-nilly password every month with another obscure password: willy-nilly 1.

Feel better about your privacy when it comes to info collected by MAD Magazine and MADMAG.COM now? Just nod your head, we can see you!

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

BO The

It was a time of ill tidings. Good men fell, and great woe and calamity shrouded the realm. And nowhere was the scourge more bleak, or the disaster more vast, than in the land of New Line Cinema! Many disasters at the box office nearly put them in the land of perpetual darkness. Just as there seemed to be no future for New Line or its bottom line, a single shaft of hope pierced the gloom. Nay, not one shaft of light, but THREE! A trilogy of movies sure to entice every fantasy-hungry role player, isolated mouth-breather and embittered loser in the land to make the arduous trek to the cineplex again, and again, and still again! Hopefully the fortunes of New Line would be restored, but only if a wary public did not become…

Why did they choose me to play Dodo Gaggings? Obviously, it wasn't for my talent as an actor! The director needed to find the right person to portray a Slobbit who is 3 feet, 6 inches tall! After they put 2-inch lifts in my shoes, we were in business! You've never seen a lead character like me! I may be the first action-adventure hero in movie history who could get his ass kicked by Harry Potter!

On the other hand, I made my reputation as one of the finest Shakespearean actors and have been nominated for an Academy Award! As Gandoof, I wear a fake beard and silly hat and play the part of a great magician rather convincingly! Watch closely as my credibility as an actor totally disappears before your eyes!

I'm Peppercorn, but some call me Spider! Others call me Longstinks, the Renuzit, Elfdrone or Telemundo! I've got more stupid extra names than P. Diddy and the Wu-Tang Clan combined! What I don't have is a decent shampoo and conditioner!

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

As Spam Gangrene, I'm chief tagalong nebbish and sidekick! I'm dim-witted, afraid to talk to girls and an all-around nothing — in other words, I'm this film's target audience! If I wasn't in this movie, I'd be first on line to see it!

We're Pimple and Baggybuns, the two most incompetent Slobbits around! Give either of us half a chance, and we'll stick our foot in our mouths!

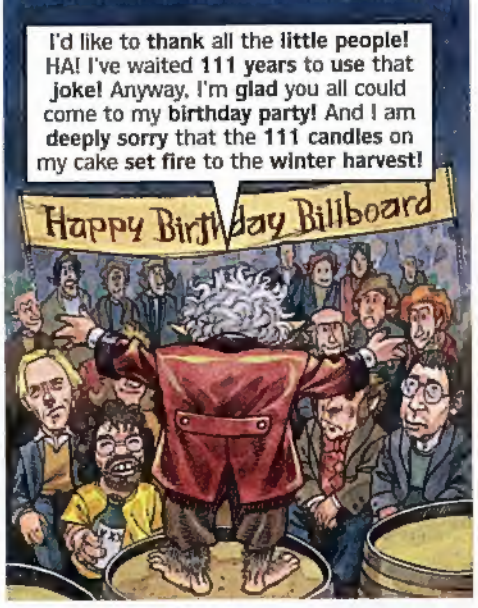
Which ain't easy when you're a size 78 Wide!

I'm Billboard Gaggings, oldest living Slobbit! On the outside, I appear to be a friendly, happy-go-lucky fellow! But everybody can see that just beneath the cheery surface, I'm really a twisted, bitter, jealous, desperately unhappy dwarf! Just like Billy Crystal!

As Argon, the immortal Elf princess, people ask me, was it hard finding the inspiration to play a bizarre ancient character who goes on forever? Actually, it came easy to me! My dad is Steven Tyler from Aerosmith!

RED OF THE RINGS
FEEBLE SCHTICK of KA-CHING!
I am Borderline, and I am valiant, strong and brave! I have pledged my life against evil, in hopes that I can return to my homeland, which has been completely burned and destroyed! I said I was valiant, strong and brave... I never said I was smart!
As you can see from my bow, I am the archer Legolamb! My archery skills are unsurpassed! My acting skills? Let's put it this way, I'm so off target I've hit the screen of the next cineplex! Tom Cruise's butt in Vanilla Sky, to be exact!
Behold Aspercreme, the bad guy wizard with a serious wand up his butt! Gandoof never realized that I was on the side of evil! He should have gotten a clue when I pulled a rabbit out of my hat and immediately put it into a blender! I hate Gandoof for his naive faith in goodness, and also because his facial hair is two inches longer than mine! Size does count, even in the wizard world!
I may look like something that got coughed up by a 400-pound cat, but I'm Gimmicki, the angry dwarf! How do I figure in all this confusion? I'm waiting for someone to tell me! I'm not sure if I appear in this segment or either of the next two they filmed!
You're lucky! I know I appear in this episode, but as one of the Dorcs, the allegedly deadly creatures in service of Sorehead's evil desires, we have a higher mortality rate than sitcoms on the WB!
As Galapagos, the all-knowing elf queen, I'm the wisest character of all! And to stand out even more, notice how I'm backlit! Like someone in a feminine hygiene commercial!
Eh! Eh! Me am Golfclub, and me have been driven insane! Not by Ring, by this cockamamie three-hour butt-blistering movie! Look at this splash page! Talk about endless! And it only includes the main characters! Characters? It was easier to keep the dogs straight in 101 Dalmatians!

I'm so glad that you could visit, Gandoof! But are you sure this is just natural Shire vegetation we're smoking?
Of course, of course! Now, pass me another 30 sweetcakes and keep quiet so I can hear the music of this young, hot new band, The Grateful Dead!


I'd like to thank all the little people! HA! I've waited 111 years to use that joke! Anyway, I'm glad you all could come to my birthday party! And I am deeply sorry that the 111 candles on my cake set fire to the winter harvest!
Happy Birthday Billboard

Nyyeehh-yahh-yahhh! Keep the Ring away from me!
Wow! I haven't seen someone that scared of wearing a littlebitty gold ring since Oprah's boyfriend, Stedman!

Like Oprah, the Ring is all-powerful! It warps souls! It destroys minds! It plunges its owners into eternal slavery! YOU keep it, Dodo!
Gee, thanks! With a caring protector like you watching my back, this could be the first one-movie trilogy ever!

Aha! My inner sense tells me that YOU must be Mr. Dodo Gaggings!
Hey, nice catch, Eagle Eye Cherry! Wanna join us? We could really use the sort of keenly-honed skills that can pick out four midgets in a crowd!

A horse is a corpse, of course, of course! And I am the corpse that rides the horse. And with great force and no remorse, we kill those Slobbits dead!
Yowww! And yet, I don't mind the pain! Finally, I get to play another onscreen emotion besides "looking dumbfounded."
Are you doing one now? I'm having trouble telling the difference!

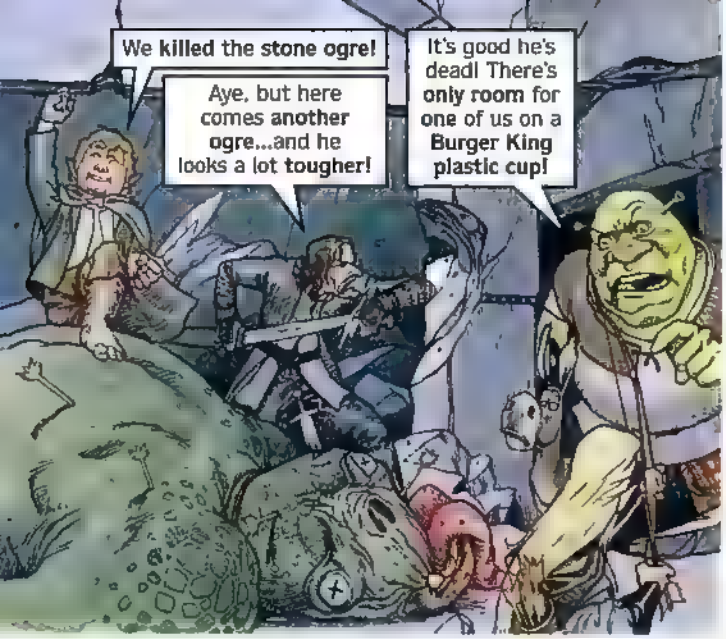
They're both so beautiful... so round and full...
Though you are hurt and sick, a Slobbit should not speak about the lips of a princess!

Huff, wheeze...I'm not lusting over your lips! I'm looking at those two beauties!
What? You dare to stare at my royal breasts?

No, your knees! Don't forget, I'm three feet tall!

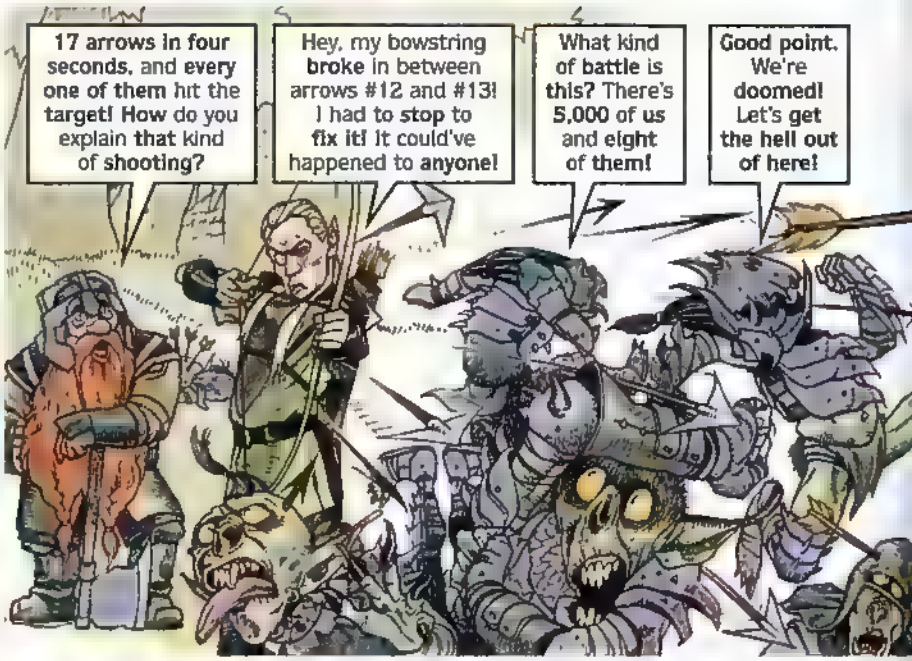
Z
zzzz

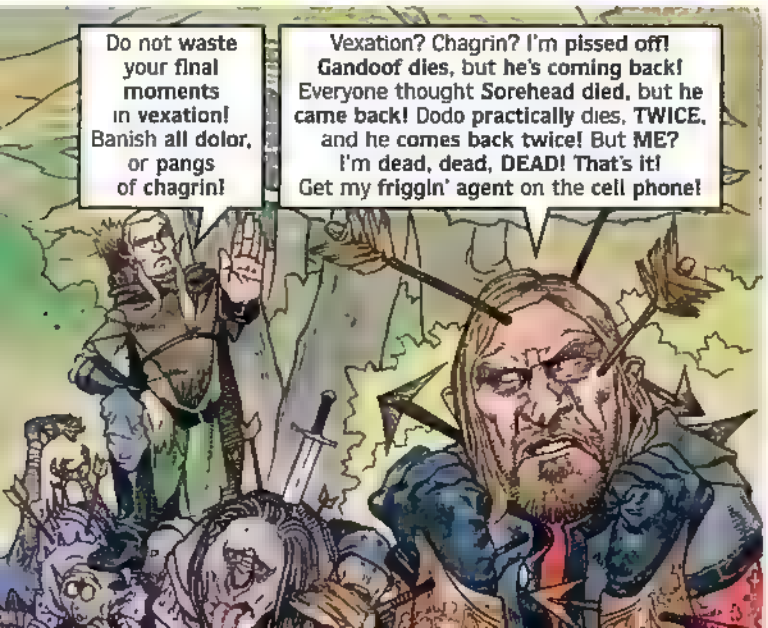
I'm sorry we took the main road and got you caught!
And that we tried to float the raft away, leaving you to get killed!
And how in the bar, we told everybody who you really were!
Not to mention the campfire that we set attracted the horsemen, and you almost died!
That's okay. But would you mind not leaning on my bad shoulder?
See? I told you this little creep holds grudges!
You'd give up your immortality to marry me? What made you decide?
We're about 90 minutes into an eight-hour trilogy, and already it feels like a lifetime! Suddenly "forever" doesn't seem like such a great thing!
We've got to band together to stop Sorehead!
Sorehead is getting more powerful by the minute!
Soon, Sorehead will strike!
Uh...does it strike anyone as strange that the #1 bad guy in this movie isn't actually IN this movie?
Dodo, I want you to have this. It's magic Slobbit chain mail that will protect you from harm!
Nice timing! The only way this gift could matter more to me is if I'd gotten it back in the Shire! You know, like BEFORE I got stabbed?
By hiking across this mountain, we'll sneak into Torpor unobserved!
Yeah, who could EVER spot nine black silhouettes doing two miles an hour against 400 miles of pure white snow? Shrewd!
Listen to this ancient book! It describes the dwarf army's final moments! "The dwarves fought bravely, but were overwhelmed by numbers. The dorcs broke through the dwarf position and entered the chamber. Arghh! I was cut through by a dorc! My blood flowed freely! My heart came to a halt! And then I died – of boredom, as will be the fate of all who continue this endless quest!"
That's so sad, yet powerful!

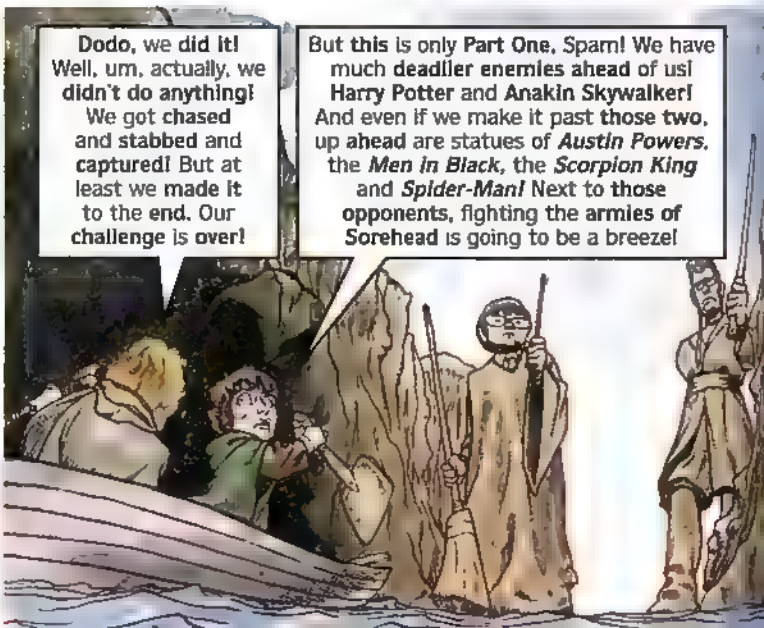

We killed the stone ogre!
Aye, but here comes another ogre...and he looks a lot tougher!
It's good he's dead! There's only room for one of us on a Burger King plastic cup!

See everybody in the sequel, next yeeeee-aaarrrrr!
Dodo, you're heavily armed. You're surrounded by a bunch of useless hangers-on and body-guards. You keep getting whacked by random violence. And your life revolves around gold jewelry. Do you know what this means?
Yes! I am Middle-Earth's first rap star!

In my travels, I've seen so few creatures like you!
Elves? Telepaths?
No. GIRLS! This story has 185 characters, and a big TWO of them are women!
Maybe three! The jury's still out on Legolamb!


17 arrows in four seconds, and every one of them hit the target! How do you explain that kind of shooting?
Hey, my bowstring broke in between arrows #12 and #13! I had to stop to fix it! It could've happened to anyone!
What kind of battle is this? There's 5,000 of us and eight of them!
Good point. We're doomed! Let's get the hell out of here!


Do not waste your final moments in vexation! Banish all dolor, or pangs of chagrin!
Vexation? Chagrin? I'm pissed off! Gandoof dies, but he's coming back! Everyone thought Sorehead died, but he came back! Dodo practically dies, TWICE, and he comes back twice! But ME? I'm dead, dead, DEAD! That's it! Get my friggin' agent on the cell phone!


Dodo, we did it! Well, um, actually, we didn't do anything! We got chased and stabbed and captured! But at least we made it to the end. Our challenge is over!
But this is only Part One, Spam! We have much deadlier enemies ahead of us! Harry Potter and Anakin Skywalker! And even if we make it past those two, up ahead are statues of *Austin Powers*, the *Men in Black*, the *Scorpion King* and *Spider-Man!* Next to those opponents, fighting the armies of Sorehead is going to be a breeze!

Real
Ad

MAD's prime

Forget *TV Guide*! Forget the weekly section in your Sunday newspaper! And forget that annoying grid that scrolls down your television screen faster than you can read it! If you *really* want to know what's on the boob tube, check out...

	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
CBS	**King of Queens** Carrie discovers a bevy of sequined taffeta evening gowns in Doug's closet.	**Everybody Loves Raymond** Robert goes on a rampage and empties his service revolver into a quivering Ray, his carping wife and meddlesome parents.	**Yes, Dear** Two couples share an apartment and old *Everybody Loves Raymond* plots.	**Big Brother 3** Sixteen toddlers are put together in an upscale cutlery shop unchaperoned but for the watchful eye of the camera.		**Survivor Afghanistan** This week's immunity challenge involves picking a swarm of flies from Mullah Omar's beard	
NBC	**Access To Extra Hollywood Entertainment Tonight**	**The Weakest Link** Celebrity Assassin Special Edition featuring John Hinckley, Mark David Chapman and a descendant of John Wilkes Booth.	**Will & Grace** Will comes out of the closet and admits he's straight.	**Scrubs** A carelessly discarded spleen leads to a full-fledged organ fight in the O.R.		**Third Watch** Cast goes on strike when producers refuse to pay them shift differential	
FOX	**Boston Public** A freshman goes into labor, a small nuclear device is detonated in Mr Lipschultz's pants, Vice-Principal Guber professes his love for the janitor — all before first period		**Ally McBeal** Ally sulks for most of the show and consults with a wacky, unqualified therapist. Cage feigns hiccups while scratching himself excessively in court. Vonda Shepard sings soulless version of '60s R+B classic.		**World's Funniest Murders**		**Designing Women** Delta Burke swallows other cast members.
ABC	**Jeopardy!** Alex Trebek gets into a shouting match with Teen Tournament champion.	**Wheel Of Fortune** Vanna turns over wrong letter spells obscenity	**48 Hours & 60 Minutes Worth of Dateline in Primetime**	**Dharma & Greg** Dharma invites her parents, Lharry and Ahbby, and her new brother, Hharry, to Dhinner	**NYPD Blue** Sipowicz teaches his new partner about skels, perps and bathroom noises.		**Politically Incorrect** Guests include a honky, a darkie, a hebe and a spic
UPN	**Martin** Comedian with little talent is given sitcom	**WWF Smackdown** The Rock and Triple H severely injure *Star Trek*'s Captain Archer and Phlox in an ill-advised network cross-promotion stunt		**Buffy The Vampire Slayer** After sleeping with Spike, Buffy becomes a vampire and is forced to slay herself. Last show of series		**Roswell** Carelessly tossed Frisbee causes panic.	
PBS	**Pledge Break** Video of tigers devouring gazelles for $500 donation.	**This Old House** The Bates Motel gets a new bathroom. Norm gets a surprise.	**Pledge Break** CD of lamest pop groups of the 60s for $750 donation.	**Nova** Scientists explore the molecular structure of Michael Jackson's nose.		**Pledge Break** PBS Visor for $1,000 donation	
A&E	**Biography:** Dick Hertz.	**Biography:** Hugh Jorgan.	**Biography:** Ima Ho	**Investigative Reports** Who Let The Dogs Out?		**Law And Order: White Collar Crime Unit** Network TV Producer is arraigned on charges of plagiarizing his own show	
COM	**Battlebots** Brita Water Filter vs. Oreck Vacuum Cleaner	**The Man Show** Guest Host RuPaul.	**Comedy Central Presents** Chris Rock curses for 30 minutes	**Friars Roast** Featuring Pope John Paul II. Toastmaster Gilbert Gottfried	**SNL** 157th airing of show that was kind of funny when it was originally aired in 1984, but jokes about Soviet leader Brezhnev and the TV show *Rhoda* may seem a bit dated. Musical guest: Mick Jagger	**SNL** 57th airing of show that was kind of funny when it was originally aired in 1998, but jokes about Monica Lewinsky and the TV show *MAD About You* may seem a bit dated. Musical guest: Mick Jagger	

-Time TV Listings-

ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: DANA T. GRAF

	7.30	8:00	8.30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10.30
DISC	**Eyewitness To Disaster** The CBS Fall Lineup is examined.		**Crocodile Dundee Hunter** Repeat.		**Medical Mysteries** How Tom Arnold walks and talks at the same time.	**Wild Rescues** Cat gets extracted from fax machine.	
DISN	**The Disney Movie** *Mom's Dead, I'm in Charge* Motherless child single-handedly takes care of lonely father, hoodwinks villains and wins big game with help from pet chinchilla.				**Bug Juice** Jiminy Cricket falls into a blender.	**The Disney Movie** *The Little Mermaid In Pittsburgh* Unlike the first lame sequel to the animated Disney classic, this one wasn't even deemed good enough for the direct-to-video market. With RuPaul as Ariel and Carrot Top as Sebastian The Crab.	
E!	**Fashion Emergency** Jennifer Lopez breaks a snap.		**E! True Hollywood Story** Renowned child actor grows up to have a stable, normal life.				
ESPN	**X Games** Joined in progress immediately following W Games.	**Curt Gowdy's Favorite Sports Coats**	**Arena Football** Roe vs. Wade.			**Celebrity Toilets** Ben Stein, David Hyde Pierce, Alicia Keys. Also, Mike Wallace's bedpan.	
HIST	**Hitler's Mustache** The Fuhrer's trademark facial hair set against the backdrop of pre-war Austria.				**50 Greatest Cheerleader Outfits**	**SportsCenter** One hour of taped highlights replayed again at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 10 11 12 1 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.	
LIF	**Unsolved Mysteries** How *Walker, Texas Ranger* stayed on the air so long.			**History's Loudest Bombs** From Cherry Bombs to Atom Bombs. Michael J. Fox narrates.		**History's Mysteries** Does Arafat wear a rug?	
MTV	**Ultra Sound** Madonna's uterus sings *Like A Virgin*.	**MTV Cribs** The bombed caves of Tora Bora are profiled.	**Lifetime Movie** *How I Salvaged My Career Starring In Bad TV Movies* starring Valerie Bertinelli, Tori Spelling, Rosanna Arquette, Melissa Gilbert, Connie Selleca, Jaclyn Smith, Michele Greene and Stefanie Powers.		**Lifetime Movie** *His Lying Eyes, His Lies Before Kisses, And The Other Lies He Told Combined With His Unspeakable Acts With Another Woman, Despite My Final Appeal That Led Me To Deadly Intentions, Deadly Vows And Ultimately Love, Lies And Murder Which Were Not In The Best Interests Of My Children* starring Valerie Bertinelli, Tori Spelling, Rosanna Arquette, Melissa Gilbert, Connie Selleca, Jaclyn Smith, Michele Greene and Stefanie Powers.		
TBS	**Ted Turner Sings** Bernard Shaw, piano			**The Real World** The cast faces off against the cast of *Big Brother* in a Celebrity Tag-team Death Match.		**Music Videos** New releases from Gorrillaz, Weezer, OutKast, JaRule, Ludacris, Cozy Morley and Gene Pitney.	
VH1	**Before They Were Rock Stars**				**After They Were Rock Stars**	**They Were Never Rock Stars**	

DRAMA ON PAGE 14

ARTIST: JOHN CALDWELL WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

Real
Ad

The hens have come home to roost, it's... MONROE and...

WHATCHA WATCHING?
THREE MEN AND A BABY 2. THIS GUTTENBERG KID IS GENIUS.
DAD, CAN WE AT LEAST GET CABLE?
I TOLD YOU. MY GUY WITH THE ILLEGAL HOOKUP GOT SENT AWAY. NOW SHADDAP!
IT'S MY TURN TO WATCH THE BABY.
BUT I WANT TO TAKE HER TO THE PARK. THIS BABY IS A CHICK MAGNET.
MORE LIKE A FLY MAGNET. SMELL THAT STINKER!
OH, YOU!
COURSE, BABY PERRY THERE IS A DIFFERENT STORY. SURE, THE LADIES GO NUTS FOR HIM. YOU SAW YOUR AUNT TRIXIE. SHE WAS ON ME LIKE ASS SWEAT ON DREW CAREY
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.
KEEP IT BETWEEN US BUT SHE DID SOME STUFF WITH HER THUMBS... WELL LET'S JUST SAY SHE WRECKED ME DOWNSTAIRS FOR A WEEK.
HMMM... AND THAT WAS BECAUSE OF BABY PERRY?
THAT AND THE BOOZE.
OKAY, THAT SETTLES IT. I'M TAKING BABY PERRY TO THE MALL!
HELLO, MONROE. WATCHING THE BABY, HUH?
NO, WALTER IT'S A DOLL FULL OF COCAINE THAT I'M GONNA TRY TO SMUGGLE INTO SEARS.
WHY DO YOU HATE ME, MONROE?
UH...CAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY IN TOWN MORE PATHETIC THAN ME?
I CAN ACCEPT THAT. MIND IF I TAG ALONG?
WHATEVER.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY

BABYSITTING PART ONE

CLASSIC, STEVE-O!
IS THAT TRUE, DAD? BABIES ARE CHICK MAGNETS?
BET YOUR BONY ASS. COURSE YOU WERE A DIFFERENT STORY. WOMEN TOOK ONE LOOK AT YOU AND WANTED TO GET THEIR TUBES TIED.
GREAT.
YOU WERE NOT A GOOD-LOOKING KID. MOM WANTED TO TRADE YOU TO CIRCUS FOLK BUT WE TOUGHED IT OUT.
WELL I'VE HAD MY SUNSHINE FOR THE DAY THANKS.
FOR ONCE YOU CAME UP WITH A GOOD IDEA, MONROE. WE CAN FIRE THAT OTHER BABY SITTER AND MISTER TOUCHY HANDS DOESN'T HAVE TO DRIVE HER HOME FOR TWO HOURS.
GEEZ IT WAS ONE TIME. LET IT GO ALREADY.
FINE. I'M NOT GOING TO RUIN THE ONE ROMANTIC EVENING OUT I MAY HAVE ALL YEAR.
ROMANTIC? YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU PUT ON THOSE 30 POUNDS.
OKAY. SEE YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS LATER, HAVE FUN!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW BABY PERRY IS GONNA GET YOU CHICKS.
I DUNNO. SOMETHING ABOUT BEING MATURE AND CRAP.
WELL, YOU GOT THE "CRAP" PART DOWN. PHEW! BABY PERRY'S PAINTING THE TOWN MUSTARD BROWN.
DAMMIT! WHERE CAN A GUY BUY A CORK IN THIS MALL?
OOO. WHAT A LITTLE CUTIE. OOPSY. SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE NEEDS A CHANGING.
IT'S NOT ME!

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

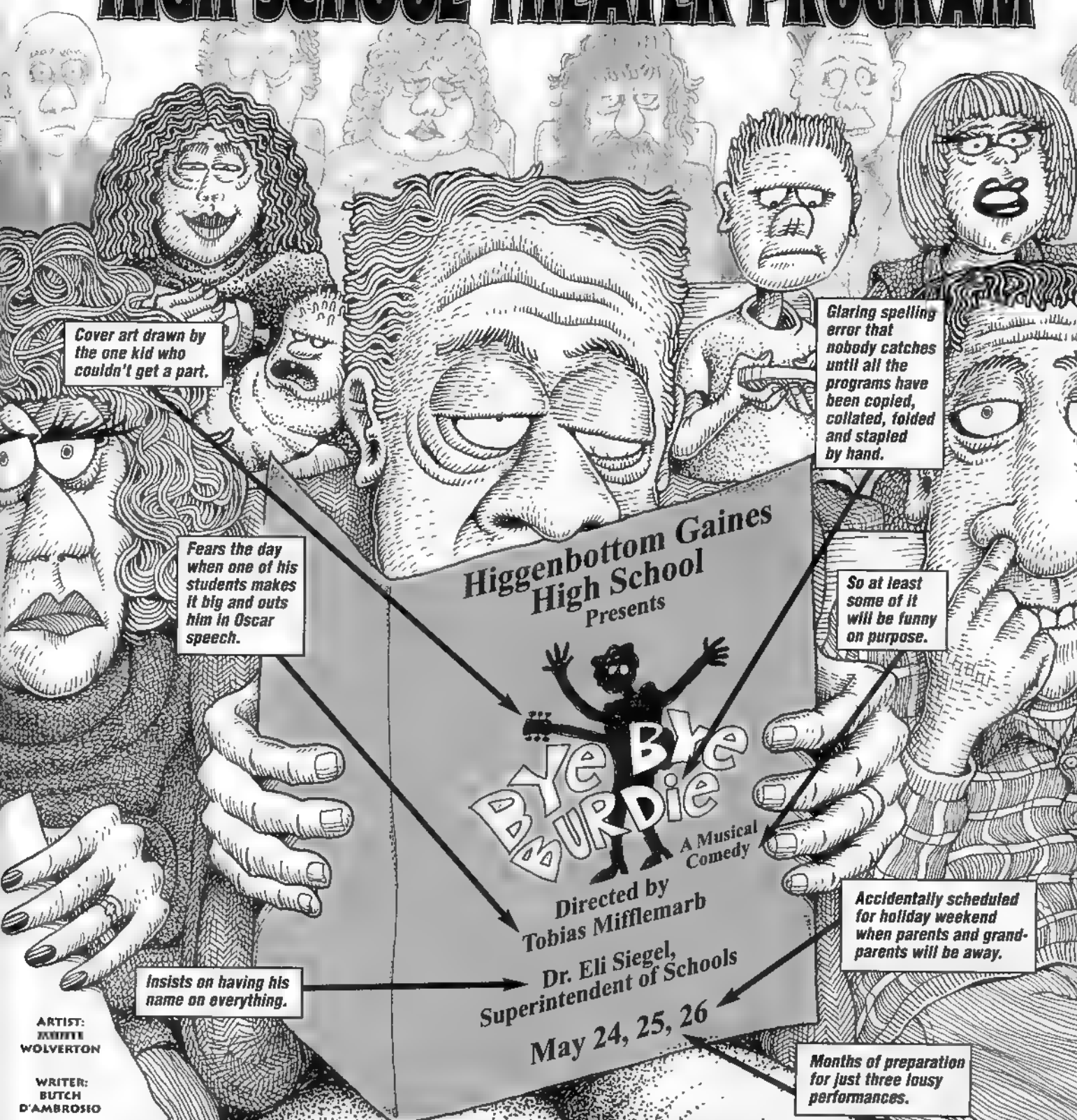
RIGHT. HERE, LET ME HELP YOU! I'VE DONE PLENTY OF BABYSITTING, TOO.
I'M NOT A BABYSITTER... UH...THIS LITTLE ONE IS ALL MINE.
REALLY?
YEAH. HE'S A HANDFUL, ALL RIGHT. IT'S BEEN TOUGH SINCE HIS MAMA...UH... GOT BLOWN UP.
THAT'S TERRIBLE.
AND I'M ALWAYS ON THE ROAD. I COULD SURE USE A LADY'S TOUCH BACK AT MY TREE...I MEAN APARTMENT.
OMIGOD! LOOK HOW CUTE.
'S CANDY
CAN I HOLD HIM?
HELL YEAH! GO FOR IT. I'M MONROE.
I'M WALTER! HEY, MONROE, TELL THEM HOW THE BABY'S MOTHER BLEW UP.
WOULD YOU PUT A SOCK IN IT!
SO, YOU LIKE TO CUDDLE TH.NGS, HUH?
DID SHE GET A FIRE-CRACKER UP HER BUTT LIKE THAT FROG THAT TIME?
NO! WILL YOU SHUT UP!
THAT WAS AWESOME. I STILL HAVE FROG GUTS STAINS ON THESE PANTS, LOOK!
JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH ME WORK MY MAGIC.
OOOH, DO THE ONE WHERE YOU FOLD UP THE DOLLAR BILL AND WASHINGTON BECOMES A MUSHROOM! THAT'LL GET 'EM!
WHAT? WOULD YOU JUST BE QUIET!
LOOK AT THESE TWO IN FRONT OF THE VICTORIA'S SECRET WINDOW! THEY'RE GORGEOUS! IMAG NE, THE FOUR OF US AT THE BEACH... LOTS OF LOTION... YEAH...
SHOES

DON'T YOU HAVE HOMEROOM WITH MY LITTLE BROTHER LEWIS?
IT'S THE YOUNG FACE THING, ISN'T IT? I GET THAT A LOT.
THAT'S RIGHT. KEEP WALKING.
NOT WORKING, HUH?
THAT CHICK HAD ISSUES. WAIT. CHECK IT OUT. HERE COME A COUPLE MORE.
TWO OF THEM, TWO OF US.
MORE LIKE 2 ½ OF US. SLOW DOWN ON THOSE SLIM JIMS, SLIM.
UM... BYE.
NICE GOING, MORON! AND I FELT REAL CLOSE ON THAT ONE.
DON'T SWEAT IT. IF YOU STRIKE OUT I CAN JUST GIVE YOU A CALF MASSAGE BACK AT MY PLACE.
WHAT?
DON'T MIND ME. IT'S MY HYPOGLYCEMIA TALKING.
ALL RIGHT, BE COOL
I'M ON IT.
PIZZA
HOLE!
WELL... HELLO.
PLEASE GET OUT OF MY WAY.
HA. YOU'RE FUNNY. WANT TO HOLD MY LITTLE GUY?
UH...NO THANKS. I THINK I MIGHT PULL SOMETHING.
OH. NO! NOT HIM. I MEAN BABY...
...PERRY!
OMIGOD -- HE'S GONE!
Bill Wray
TO BE CONTINUED...

Real
Ad

Consider if you will the high school theater production... Long after the music ends, the applause fades, the scenery comes down and the makeup comes off, all that remains are the memories ..AND the amateurish theater programs that accompany them. Pity. Join us now for tonight's presentation...

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM


Cover art drawn by the one kid who couldn't get a part.
Fears the day when one of his students makes it big and outs him in Oscar speech.
Insists on having his name on everything.
Glaring spelling error that nobody catches until all the programs have been copied, collated, folded and stapled by hand.
So at least some of it will be funny on purpose.
Accidentally scheduled for holiday weekend when parents and grandparents will be away.
Months of preparation for just three lousy performances.
Higgenbottom Gaines High School
Presents
Bye Bye Birdie
A Musical Comedy
Directed by
Tobias Mifflemarb
Dr. Eli Siegel,
Superintendent of Schools
May 24, 25, 26

ARTIST: [redacted] WOLVERTON

WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM

Broken down by song and character so that relatives know when to pay attention.

Parents with 2-hour tapes in camcorders will run out and be heard audibly cursing.

Best chance for dirty old fathers to leer at an underage girl.

If you must cough during a solo, save it for here.

Sweet post-intermission ballad, only half of which will be seen by slow bathroom returnees.

Biggest laugh of night occurs during this scene when five-year-old in audience loudly asks, "Can we go home now?"

SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT II

Scene 1
McAfee Home – Sweet Apple, Ohio
"What Did I Ever See In Him?".....Kim, Rosie

Scene 2
Street Outside McAfee Home
"Alot of Livin' to Do".....Conrad Birdie, Kim, Kim's Friends, Sweet Apple Teens
"Kids".....Mr. & Mrs. McAfee

Scene 3
Maude's Roadside Retreat, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"Baby Talk To Me".....Albert
"Shriner's Ballet".....Rosie, Men of Sweet Apple

Page 4

Scene 4
Street, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"A Mother Doesn't Matter Anymore".....Mae Peterson
"Kids" Reprise.....Mr. & Mrs. McAfee, Randolph, Ruthie, Sweet Apple Adults

Scene 5
The Ice House
"Spanish Rose".....Rosie

Scene 6
Railroad Station, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"Rosie".....Albert, Rosie, Ensemble

There will be one 15-minute Intermission.

Code word for "Fundraising Raffle."

Refreshments will be sold in the lobby.

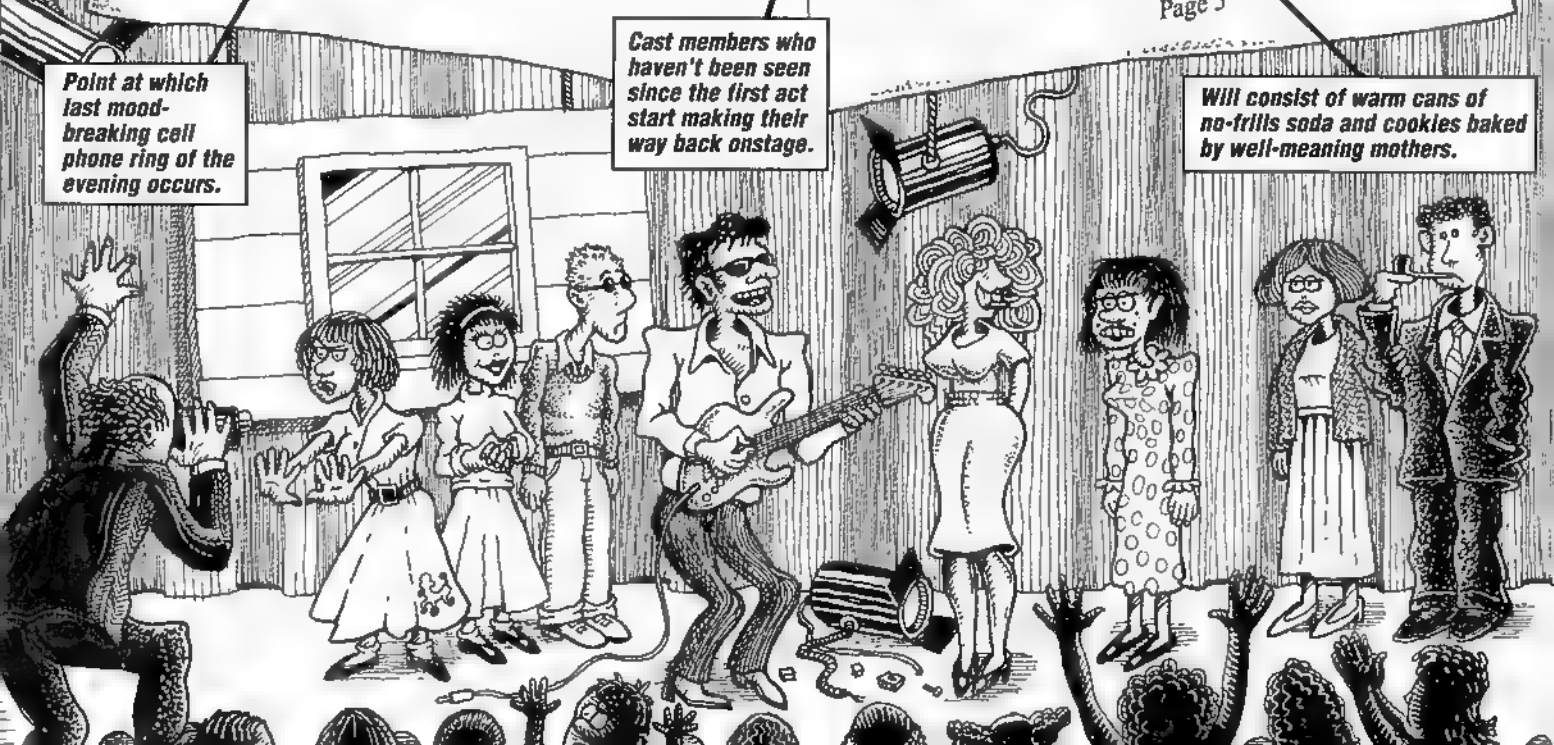
Page 5

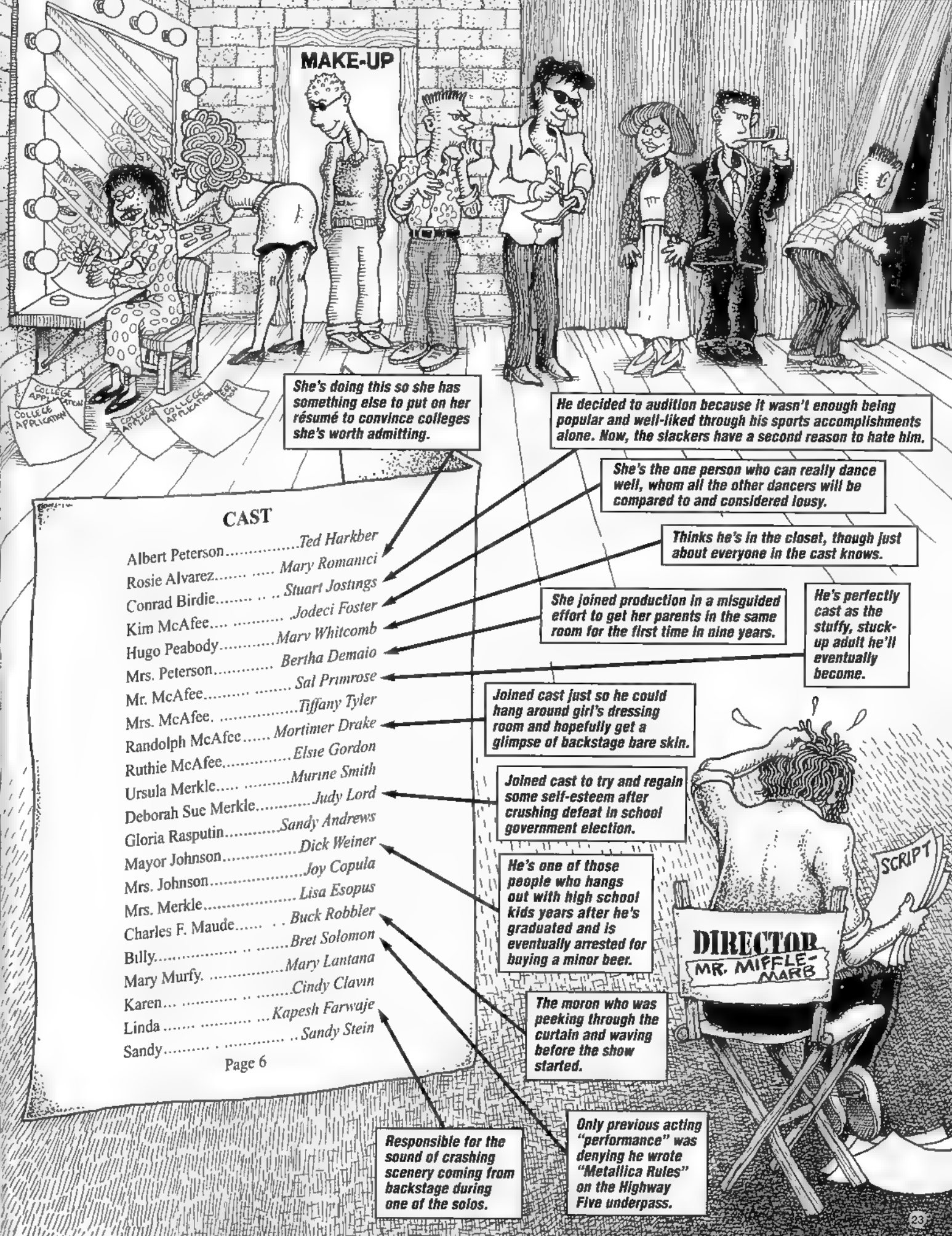
Excessive applause led by friends of main female character during curtain call drags out ending for extra ten minutes.

Point at which last mood-breaking cell phone ring of the evening occurs.

Cast members who haven't been seen since the first act start making their way back onstage.

Will consist of warm cans of no-frills soda and cookies baked by well-meaning mothers.





CAST

Albert Peterson.....*Ted Harkber*
Rosie Alvarez.....*Mary Romanici*
Conrad Birdie.....*Stuart Jostings*
Kim McAfee.....*Jodeci Foster*
Hugo Peabody.....*Marv Whitcomb*
Mrs. Peterson.....*Bertha Demaio*
Mr. McAfee.....*Sal Primrose*
Mrs. McAfee.....*Tiffany Tyler*
Randolph McAfee.....*Mortimer Drake*
Ruthie McAfee.....*Elsie Gordon*
Ursula Merkle.....*Murine Smith*
Deborah Sue Merkle.....*Judy Lord*
Gloria Rasputin.....*Sandy Andrews*
Mayor Johnson.....*Dick Weiner*
Mrs. Johnson.....*Joy Copula*
Mrs. Merkle.....*Lisa Esopus*
Charles F. Maude.....*Buck Robbler*
Billy.....*Bret Solomon*
Mary Murfy.....*Mary Lantana*
Karen.....*Cindy Clavin*
Linda.....*Kapesh Farwaje*
Sandy.....*Sandy Stein*

Page 6

She's doing this so she has something else to put on her résumé to convince colleges she's worth admitting.

He decided to audition because it wasn't enough being popular and well-liked through his sports accomplishments alone. Now, the slackers have a second reason to hate him.

She's the one person who can really dance well, whom all the other dancers will be compared to and considered lousy.

Thinks he's in the closet, though just about everyone in the cast knows.

She joined production in a misguided effort to get her parents in the same room for the first time in nine years.

He's perfectly cast as the stuffy, stuck-up adult he'll eventually become.

Joined cast just so he could hang around girl's dressing room and hopefully get a glimpse of backstage bare skin.

Joined cast to try and regain some self-esteem after crushing defeat in school government election.

He's one of those people who hangs out with high school kids years after he's graduated and is eventually arrested for buying a minor beer.

The moron who was peeking through the curtain and waving before the show started.

Only previous acting "performance" was denying he wrote "Metallica Rules" on the Highway Five underpass.

Responsible for the sound of crashing scenery coming from backstage during one of the solos.

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM

Suckered into placing this ad because their part-time weekend employee's daughter is in it.

Guilted into buying an ad because his kid has a small speaking part.

Klinefelterville Foto

"You take the pictures, we give them back to you developed"

Marfa and Raskolnikov Lupus

800-CLIK

EAST KLINEFELTERVILLE DENTAL

Sheni Farwaje, DDS

Congratulates the cast and crew for their hard work

—and their beautiful smiles!

Wally's Test Prep Service

Proudly congratulates the cast on a job well done

Evening and weekend classes

555-8973

Sir Speed Freak Printers

Congratulates Cast and Crew of Bye Bye Birdie

Joyce Kilmer Mall

2nd Level, near Sbarro

Local printer given free ad in exchange for giving school 10% discount on programs.

Genial quality of note from English Department overshadowed by embarrassing grammatical error.

Note of congratulation paid for by the grandparents who didn't want to spring for airfare to fly in and see the show.

To Our Grandson Ted,

You are one of the finest joys in our lives, no matter what your parents say. We'll always be here for you, in Florida

Love
Nananny and Popsy-Pop

★★★★★★★★★★★★

We all wishing you a successful performance!

—The English Department

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Wally shrewdly takes this ad every year because most cast members spend way too much time rehearsing and way too little time studying, and will be in need of major tutoring for finals once the show is over.

Higgenbottom Gaines High School Past Theater Productions

1985 Pimpin'
1986 Maim
1987 Phantom Of The Oprah
1988 Annie Get Your Gum
1989 They're Playing Our Thong
1990 Ho' Boat
1991 The Butt Pirates Of Penzance
1992 Hello, Dillweed
1993 The Mucous Man
1994 Bye Bye Birdbrain
1995 Gays and Dolls
1996 How To Suckceed In Business Without Really Trying
1997 Oliver Twit
1998 Anything Goats
1999 Oklahomo!
2000 Man Of La Munchees
2001 The Sound Of Mucous

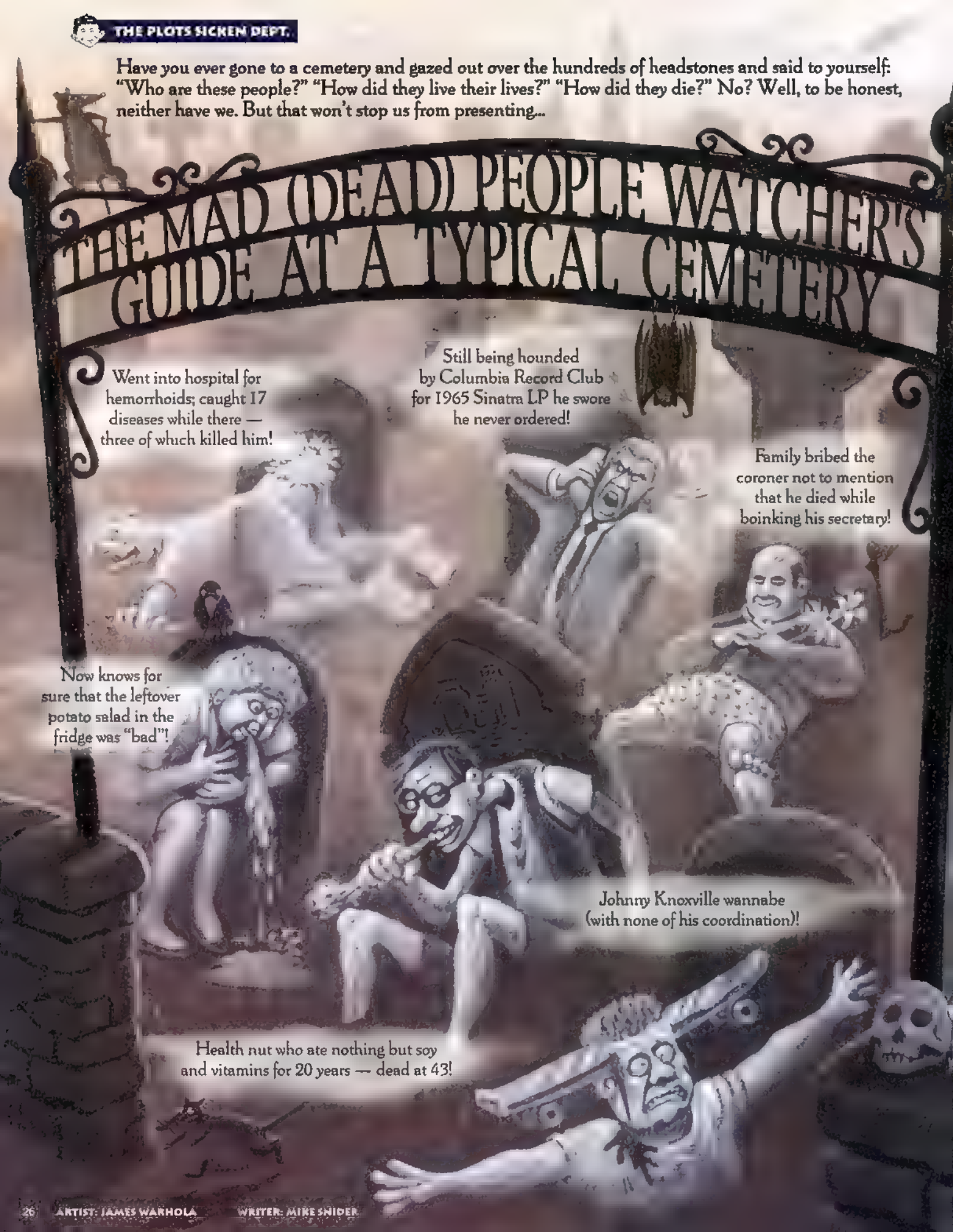
Last page of program, typed up, during detention, by a known wiseass well aware of the fact that nobody was going to copy edit it.

Page 10

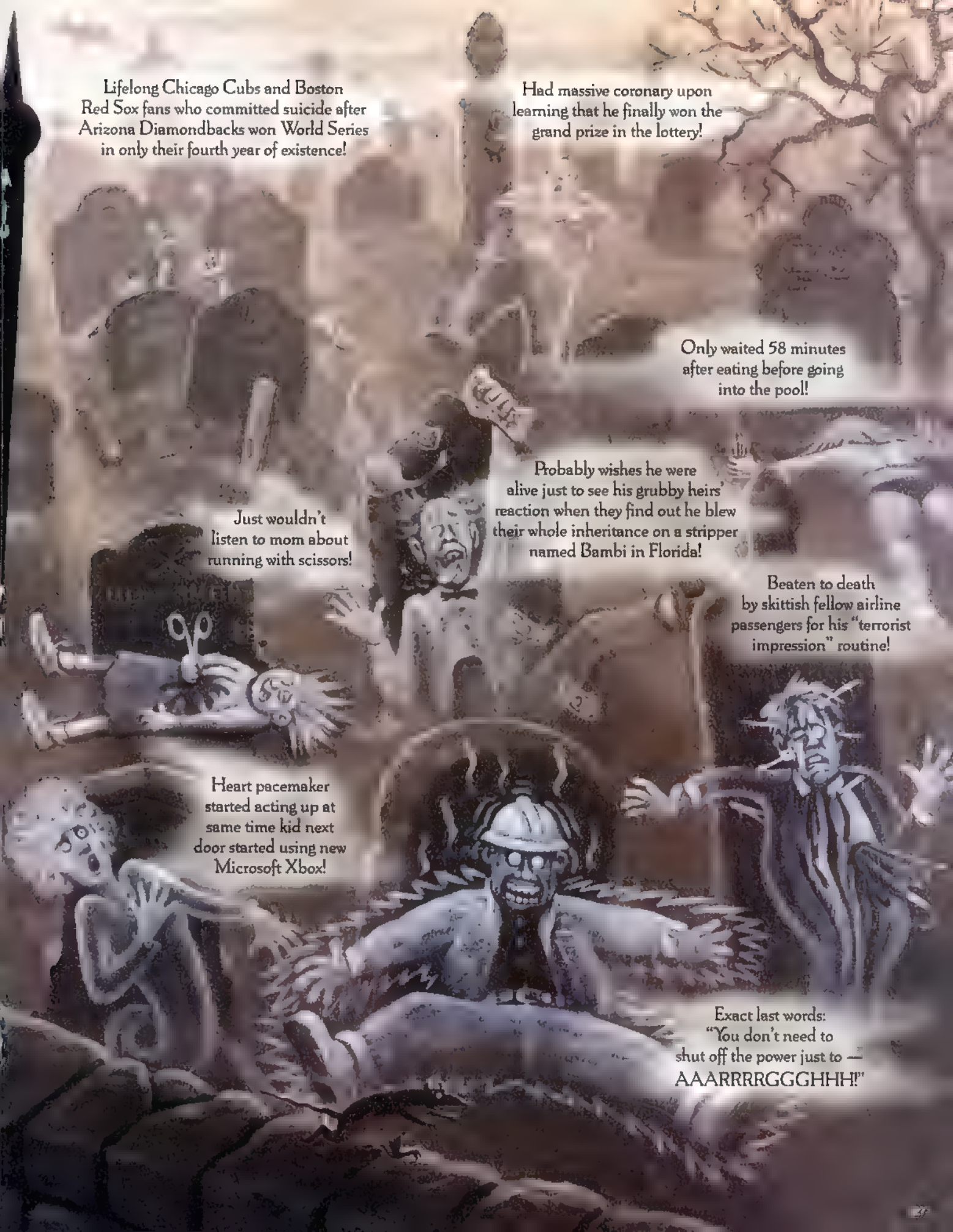
Real
Ad

Have you ever gone to a cemetery and gazed out over the hundreds of headstones and said to yourself: "Who are these people?" "How did they live their lives?" "How did they die?" No? Well, to be honest, neither have we. But that won't stop us from presenting...

THE MAD (DEAD) PEOPLE WATCHER'S GUIDE AT A TYPICAL CEMETERY


Went into hospital for hemorrhoids; caught 17 diseases while there — three of which killed him!
Still being hounded by Columbia Record Club for 1965 Sinatra LP he swore he never ordered!
Family bribed the coroner not to mention that he died while boinking his secretary!
Now knows for sure that the leftover potato salad in the fridge was "bad"!
Johnny Knoxville wannabe (with none of his coordination)!
Health nut who ate nothing but soy and vitamins for 20 years — dead at 43!

 ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER


Lifelong Chicago Cubs and Boston Red Sox fans who committed suicide after Arizona Diamondbacks won World Series in only their fourth year of existence!
Had massive coronary upon learning that he finally won the grand prize in the lottery!
Only waited 58 minutes after eating before going into the pool!
Probably wishes he were alive just to see his grubby heirs' reaction when they find out he blew their whole inheritance on a stripper named Bambi in Florida!
Just wouldn't listen to mom about running with scissors!
Beaten to death by skittish fellow airline passengers for his "terrorist impression" routine!
Heart pacemaker started acting up at same time kid next door started using new Microsoft Xbox!
Exact last words: "You don't need to shut off the power just to — AAARRRRGGGHHH!"

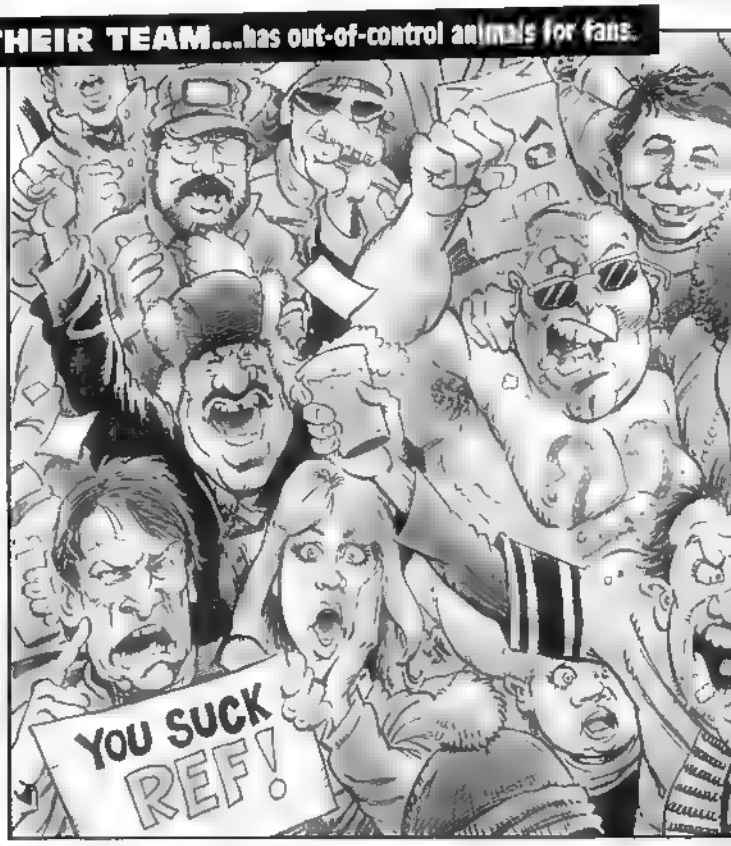
Their TEAM...

As a MAD reader, you're going to react to the following article in one of two ways. You'll either think it's a piece of fluff written by someone who doesn't know the first thing about sports, or you'll think it's a piece of brilliant insightful satire written by someone telling it like it is. How you react will probably depend on whose side you're on. Here's a quick look at...

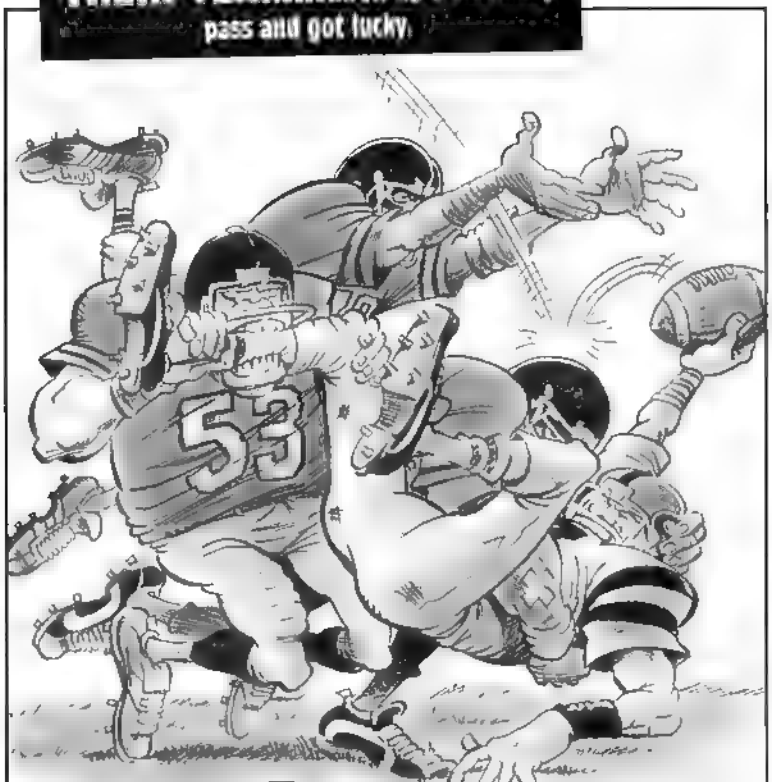
THEIR TEAM...bought a pennant.

YOUR TEAM...made savvy strategic moves in the free-agent market.

THEIR TEAM...has out-of-control animals for fans.



THEIR TEAM...threw up a Hail Mary pass and got lucky.



YOUR TEAM...connected on a well-designed "4th and 30" play.

THEIR TEAM...has a pitcher with a 1-15 record who "sucks."

YOUR TEAM...has a pitcher with a 1-15 record who's "due."

Your TEAM...

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND WRITER: J PRETE

YOUR TEAM...has die-hard enthusiastic supporters.

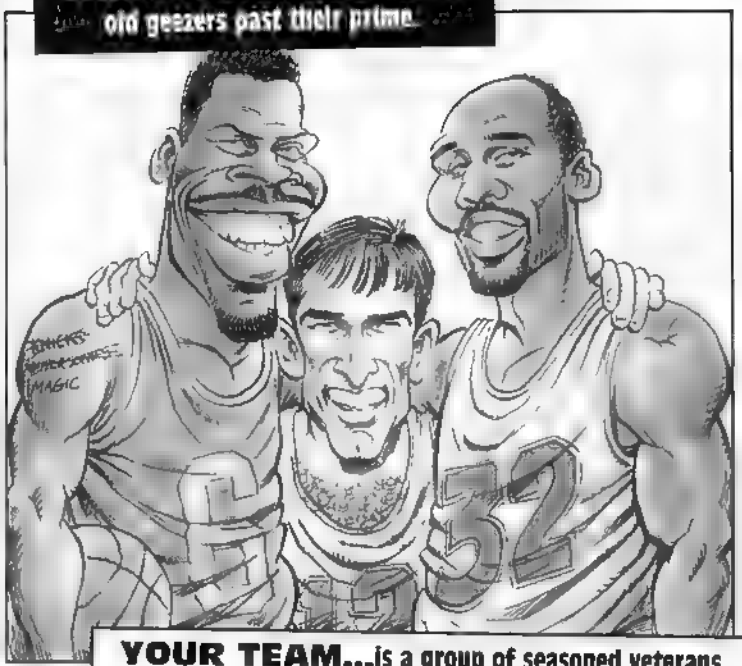
THEIR TEAM...is a bunch of psycho freaks and hot doggers.

YOUR TEAM...is comprised of lovable eccentrics and emotionally charged players.

THEIR TEAM...has a maniac on the mound who's a headhunter.

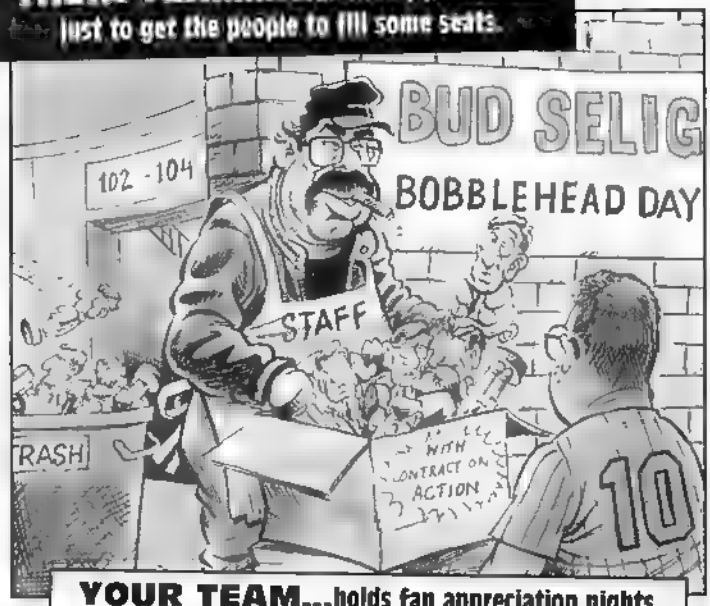
YOUR TEAM...has a fearless pitcher who controls the inside corner of the plate.

THEIR TEAM...is a bunch of old geezers past their prime.



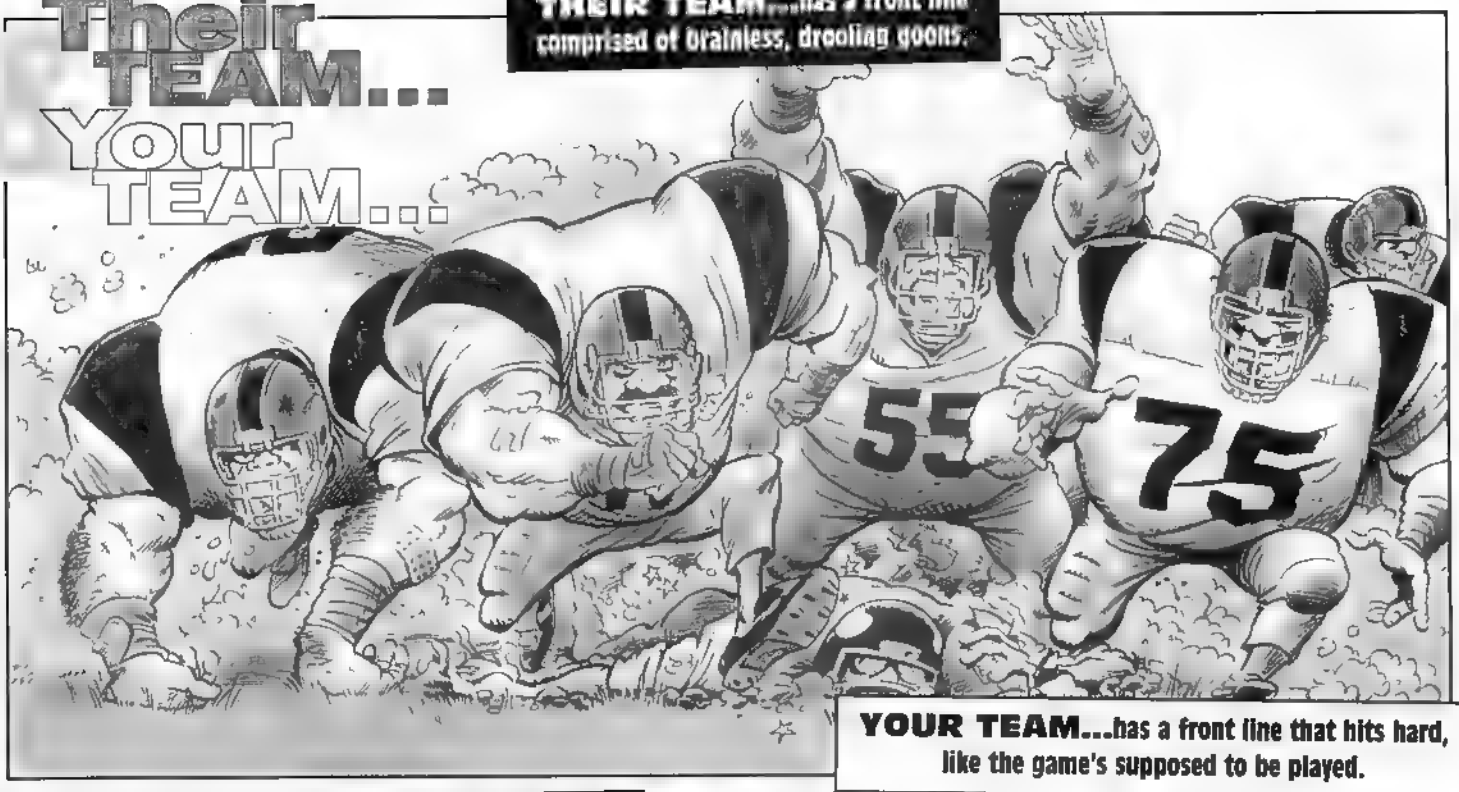
YOUR TEAM...is a group of seasoned veterans.

THEIR TEAM...needs cheesy promotions just to get the people to fill some seats.



YOUR TEAM...holds fan appreciation nights.

Their TEAM... Your TEAM...

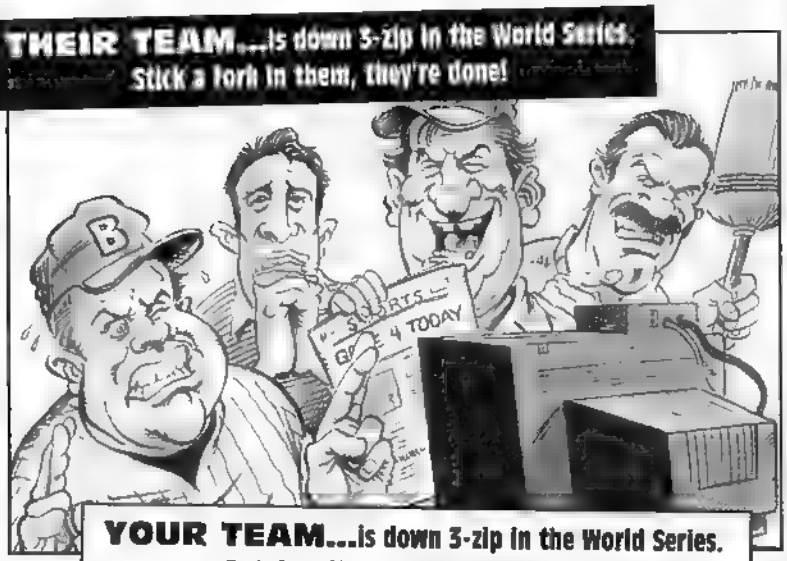


THEIR TEAM...has a front line comprised of brainless, drooling goons.

YOUR TEAM...has a front line that hits hard, like the game's supposed to be played.

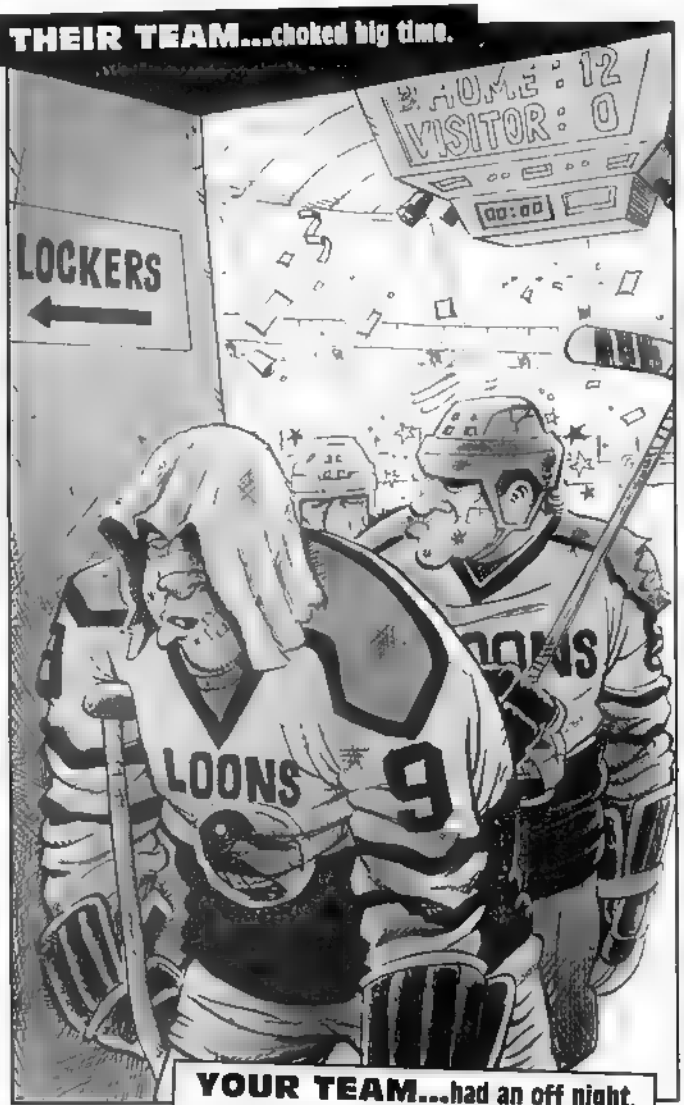
THEIR TEAM...has an overpaid prima donna.

YOUR TEAM...has a superstar worth every penny.



THEIR TEAM...is down 3-zip in the World Series. Stick a fork in them, they're done!

YOUR TEAM...is down 3-zip in the World Series. But, hey, it ain't over till it's over!



THEIR TEAM...choked big time.

YOUR TEAM...had an off night.

M E M O

From: Kenneth L. Lay, Ex-Chairman and Chief Executive
To: The American People

I am grateful for this opportunity to set matters straight regarding the collapse of Enron, the seventh largest corporation* in this great land of ours.

I have just completed a thorough review of our financial records. This was an extremely daunting task since we kept multiple sets of books.

My review was further complicated by the fact Enron operates offices in virtually every remote, off-shore country in the world — *not* to avoid paying our fair share of income taxes (as some misinformed members of the press have written) — but rather to lessen the burden on the Internal Revenue Service, who had their hands full processing the mountains of forms, schedules, addendums and attachments filed by devastated investors declaring unprecedented losses on our stock.

If I erred at all, it was in trusting our accounting firm, Arthur Andersen, Inc., to accurately maintain each of the aforementioned sets of books. It now appears that they may have employed some slightly questionable, unconventional and untested accounting practices. Sadly, we'll never know because all pertinent financial documents were shredded — *not* to destroy evidence that would send me and other Enron executives to prison (as some misinformed members of the press have written) — but rather, so thousands of our laid-off employees would have top-quality packing material to use when clearing out their offices for good. (At Enron, we never use those non-biodegradable Styrofoam peanuts that pollute the environment!)

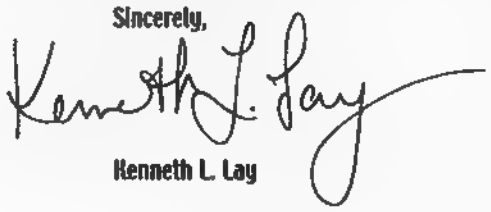
I'm aware that in today's tough job market, many former Enron employees may have to relocate. In fact, I and many of Enron's top executives have already made plans to move to the Bahamas, Switzerland, Brazil and other countries without extradition treaties with the U.S.

My biggest regret is that many of our employees have suffered financial losses in their retirement accounts. It is true that we urged them to buy Enron stock, and after purchasing it we did not allow them to sell. I now realize this was a mistake. And so, effective immediately, all employees may sell their stock at fair market value, just like I and my fellow Enron executives did months ago when the stock was soaring! (As you can see, even though I'm no longer chairman, I worry about Enron's former employees every day. Specifically, I worry that a torch-wielding mob of them is going to show up at my estate and burn the place down.)

To those who say that I made millions of dollars from the sale of my Enron stock for personal gain and the acquisition of my Rolls-Royces, private jet, collection of oil paintings, Houston mansions and vacation villa in Jamaica, let me just say: This is not true! In fact, the Rolls-Royces, private jet, collection of oil paintings, Houston mansions and vacation villa in Jamaica were all paid for out of the company's executive petty cash fund, *not* my personal fortune (as some misinformed members of the press have written).

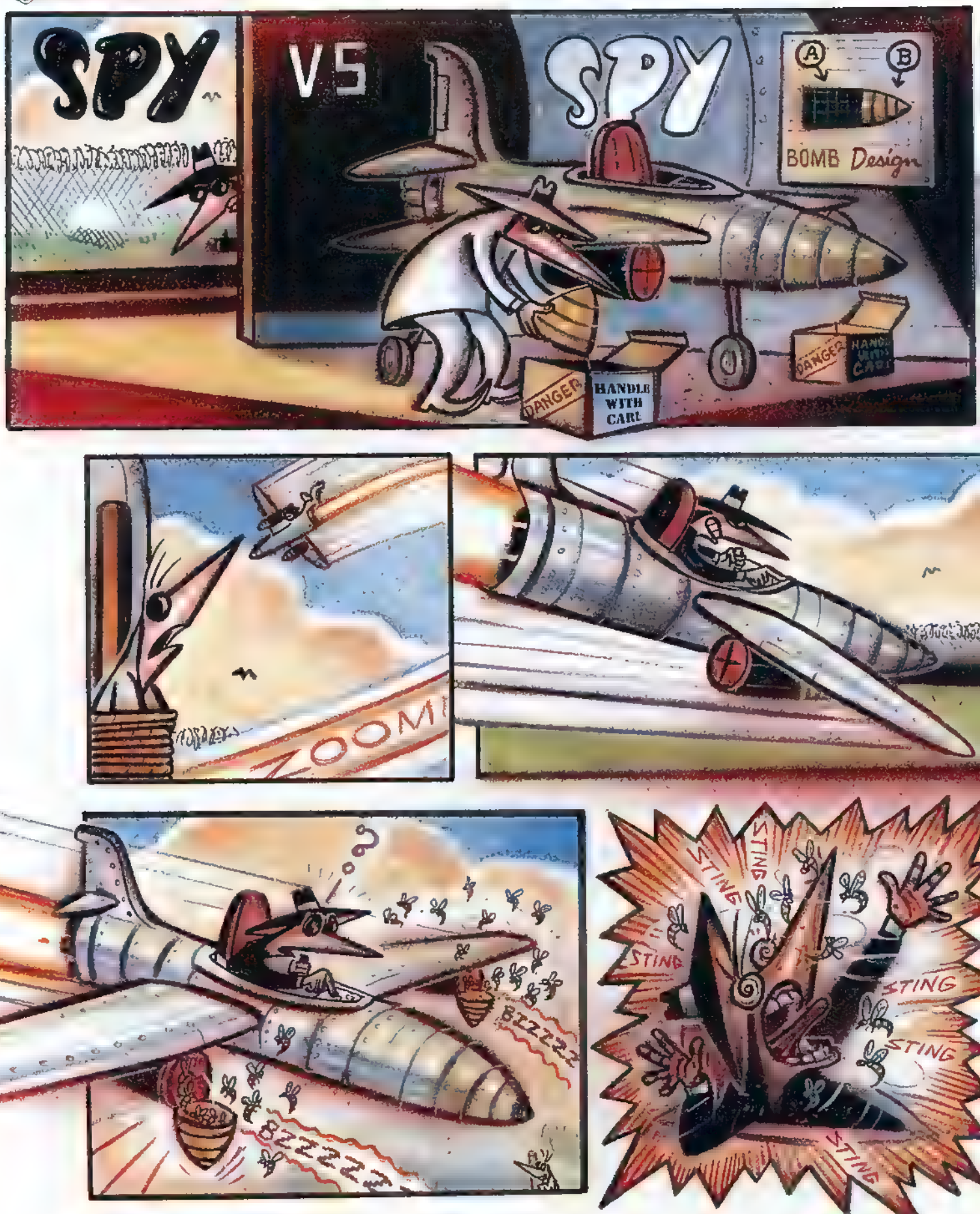
Enron's successes, which I'm still proud of, didn't come cheap. The expense of lobbying both Republican and Democratic politicians to deregulate the energy business was astronomical. Then, after granting our wish to conduct business in an environment totally free of any government involvement, these same politicians refused to bail us out with the billions we so desperately needed. Is it any wonder Enron couldn't prosper in such a hypocritical and hostile environment?

Sincerely,



Kenneth L. Lay

*If you use our figures and creative accounting methods



ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

DANG
BOMB
BOOM!
KUPER

THE FINAL MINUTE OF

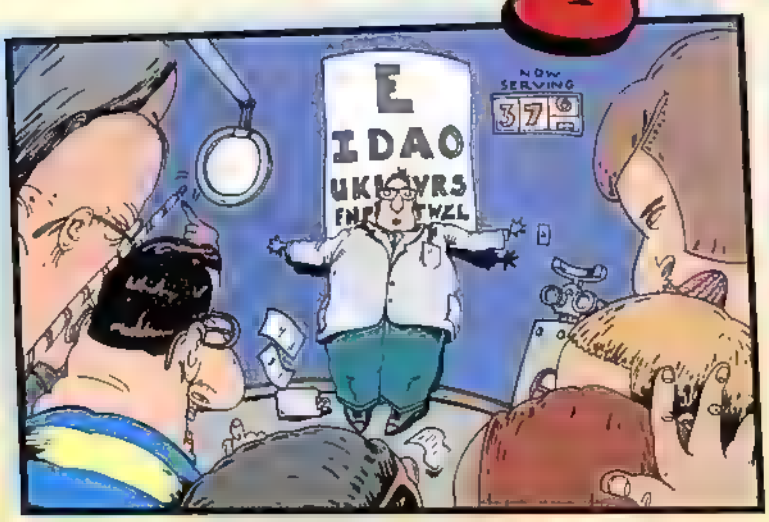
Every week, during the last minute of *Saturday Night Live*, the host, cast, musicians and their lackeys clamber up on stage and stand around hugging each other and waving. When you add up "1 minute" plus "1 minute" plus "1 minute" for 27 years of shows it totals about nine freakin' hours of TV with *absolutely no content*! Or does it? For the eagle-eyed fan, there is much to be gleaned from this seeming "garbage time," as we see in MAD's guide to...

Career musician, suddenly realizing the horrible truth that after a quarter of a century of national exposure, the second most successful SNL band member EVER was G E. Smith.
Svornlun, a confused Austrian tourist who got lost weeks ago while taking the NBC tour.
Using show-end hugs as the perfect excuse to check out those rumors about the musical guest's rack.
This week's host, CLAIMING that it's been "a great show," and that the cast has been "so fantastic," while blinking in Morse Code like a Vietnam prisoner of war, "My...f'n...agent...is...so...fired..."
Impatient TV executive from Comedy Central, anxiously waiting for the contractual three hours to pass until they can grab the tape of this show and rerun it into oblivion with all the others.
Wisely using the 60 seconds of "dead time" in a productive fashion, by outlining the entire screenplay for the movie featuring his SNL character.
The cast member trying to act all blasé and nonchalant about their spot, while surreptitiously yet viciously elbowing any other cast member who merely THINKS about cutting off their camera angle.

SATURDAYNIGHTLIVE
The cast member who's always "still in costume" at 12:59, just to ensure that home viewers are sure to notice him as the pirate captain, or wearing the fruit-basket headgear, or inside the blinking robot chestplate
Weeping Harvard professor, realizing that more people saw the animated Robert Smigel cartoon about Larry King and the horny armadillo than read all 17 of his books on Greek and Roman mythology combined.
Mob-connected Teamster, with the cushy lifetime job of cleaning Tina Fey's eyeglasses before the "Weekend Update" segment
The B.C.M.P. (Black Cast Member Position), as predetermined by intensive NBC research. Definitely up in front, but not RIGHT in front, but over to the side, but not TOO far off to the side.
Lorne Michaels, exuding a controlled sense of cool and inner quiet...like the studio audience, who just sat through a 90-minute show with two laughs.
The guy who works the button that turns on the "APPLAUSE" sign, getting an I.V. inserted directly into his raw, swollen finger, numbed from overuse.
APPLAUS

In recent years, the debate surrounding the legalization of marijuana for medicinal purposes has slowly risen to the forefront of social issues facing America today. Having been legalized in both Europe and Canada as the humane thing to do, we've been wondering just what the U. S. government is so afraid of. So, we assembled a team of crack prognosticators and asked them to closely examine the situation and determine exactly what would happen...

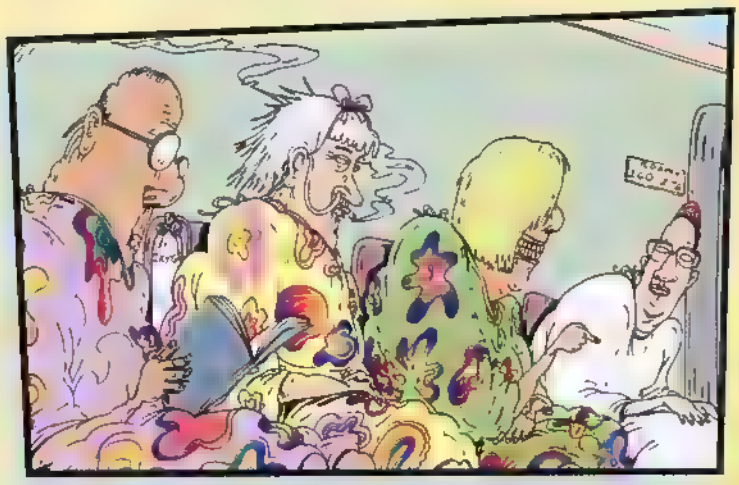
if medical marijuana was legalized



Ophthalmologists around the country would be overrun with patients claiming to have cataracts.

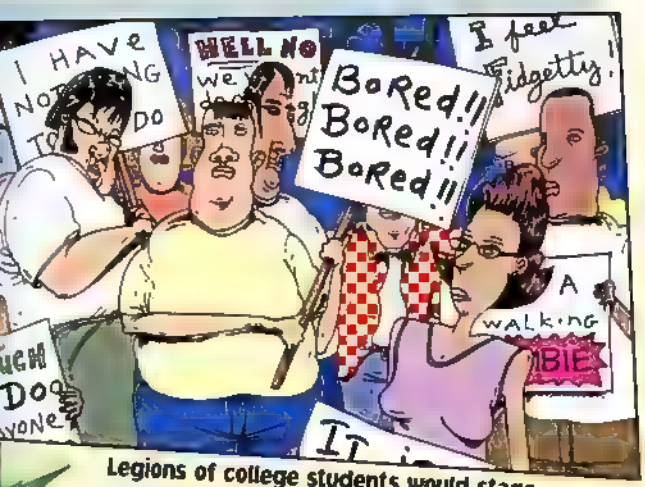
The Nobel Prize in Medicine would be shared by Cheech and Chong and Dr. Dre, for their many years of hard, unappreciated research. (Family members and fans of the late Bob Marley would be outraged at the slight.)

HMOs would reluctantly begin reimbursing 70% of the cost of all bongs and water pipes. (Black lights and Jerry Garcia posters would only be reimbursed at 50%, however.)



Tie-dyed hospital gowns would be all the rage.

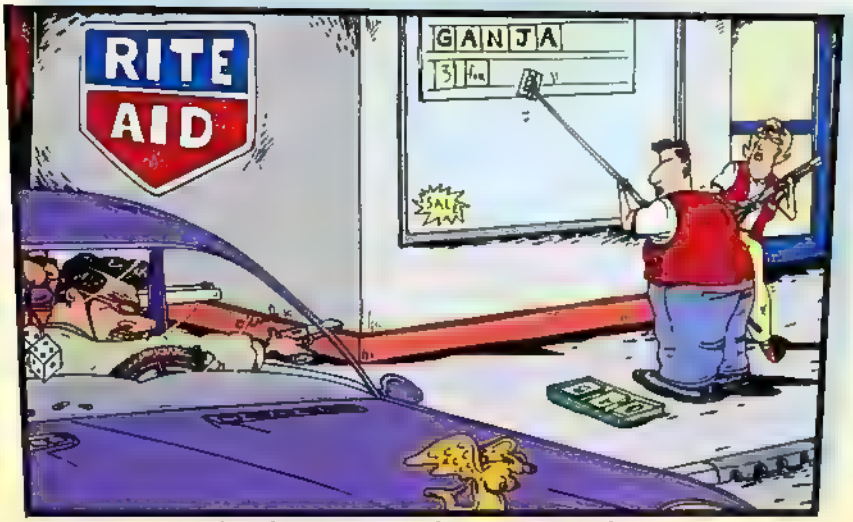
ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: PRANAV BEHARI



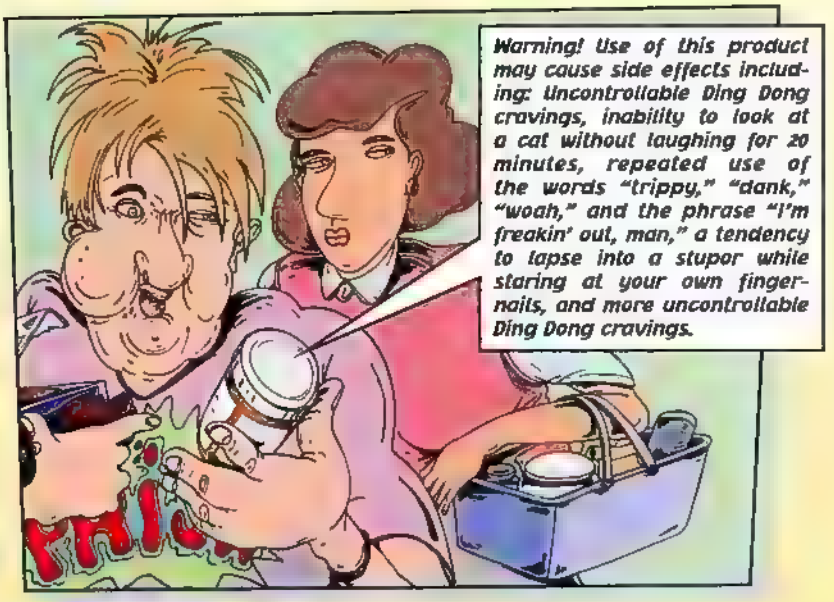
Legions of college students would stage protests demanding that the Surgeon General declare "boredom" a disease — or at least a syndrome.

The prescribing of low-grade schwag-weed would be grounds for a medical malpractice lawsuit.

Pot brownies would be considered "health food."



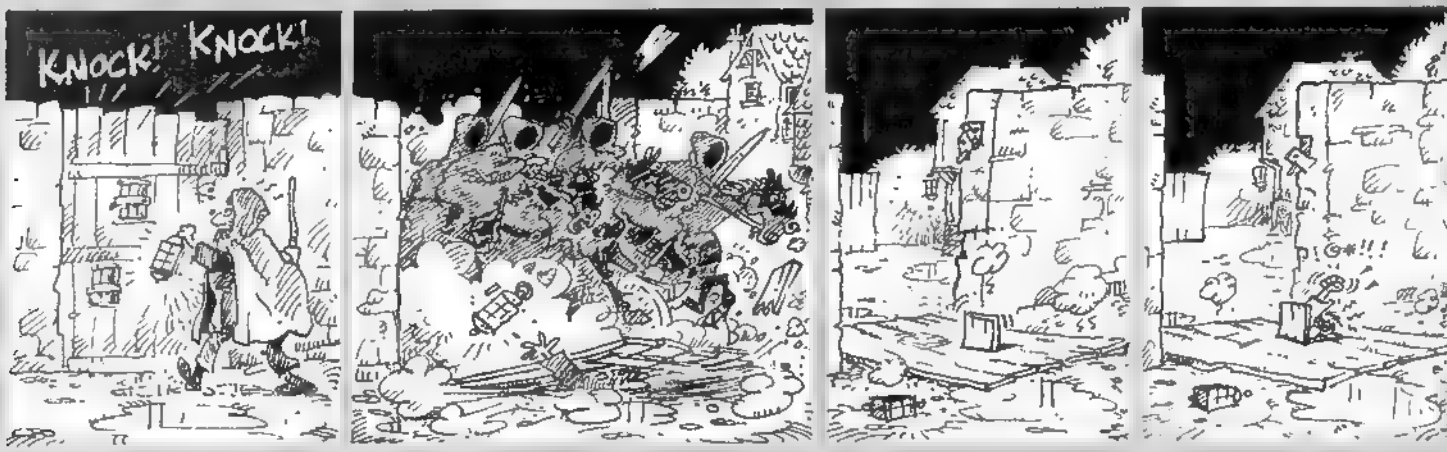
Rite Aid would enter into a bloody price war with the Mexican drug cartels.


Warning! Use of this product may cause side effects including: uncontrollable Ding Dong cravings, inability to look at a cat without laughing for 20 minutes, repeated use of the words "trippy," "dank," "woah," and the phrase "I'm freakin' out, man," a tendency to lapse into a stupor while staring at your own fingernails, and more uncontrollable Ding Dong cravings.

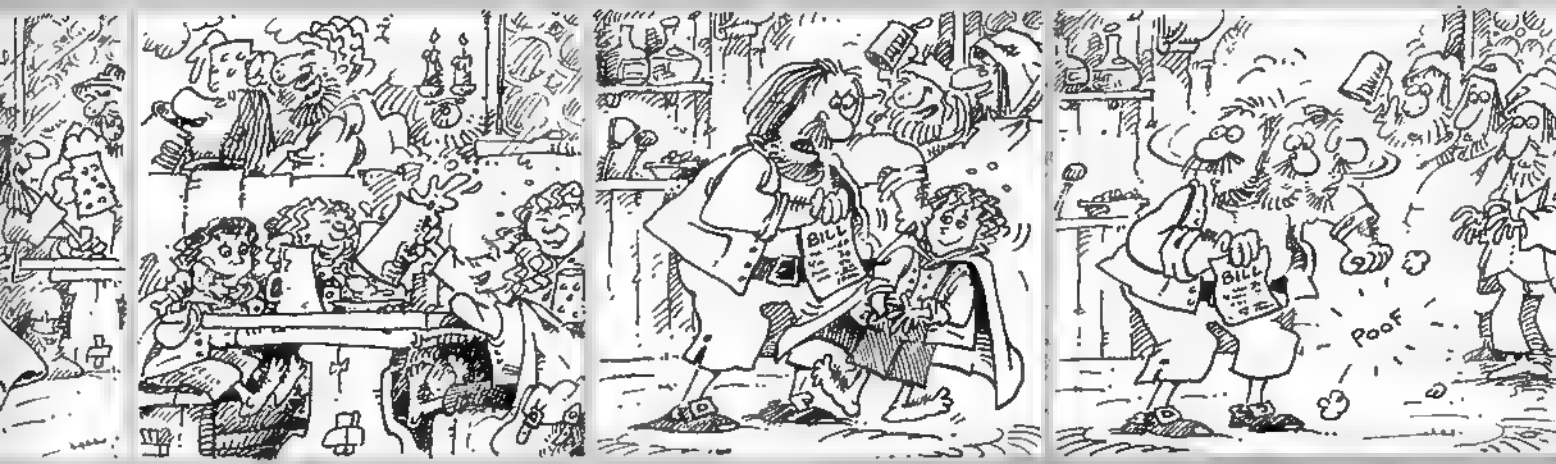
The side effects posted on the label by the manufacturer would be the weirdest in FDA history.

Willie Nelson would be added to the cast of *ER*.

A MAD LOOK AT



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

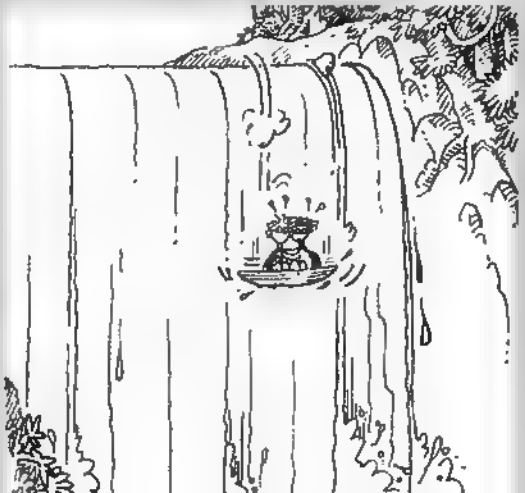


ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

?
BIRD
SEED

? ?

Toc!
Toc!
Toc!



SPORTS YOU NEVER

An acronym is a word formed from the first letters of other words, like SCUBA (**S**elf **C**ontained **U**nderwater **B**reathing **A**pparatus). In previous issues, we've featured little-known acronyms from the worlds of commerce and fashion. Now, it's time for MAD (**M**aking **A**mericans **D**umber) to explore...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

Kitschy,
Overrated,
Underachieving
Russian
Netwoman
Is
Klutz;
Otherwise
Very
Attractive

Mondays **I**nclude **L**ame, **L**udicrous **E**soteric **R**eferences

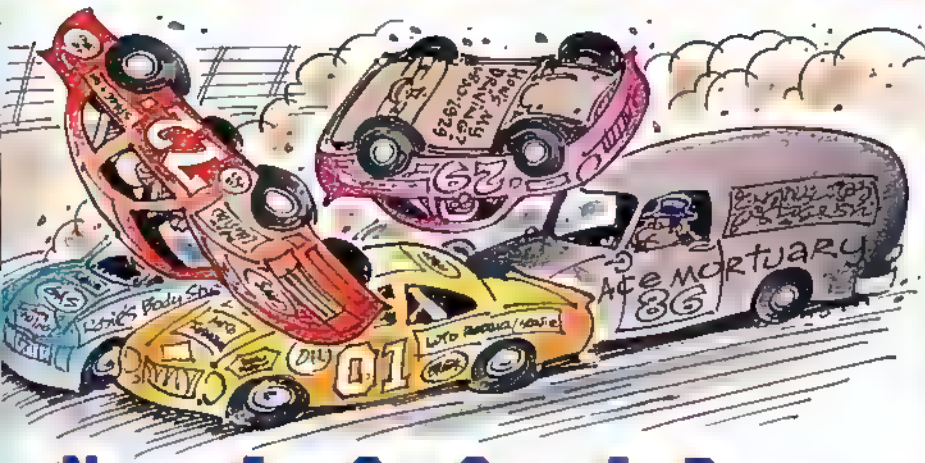
Voice
Is
Totally
Annoying,
Loud,
Excruciating

Religious
Extremist
Gets
God
Into
Everything

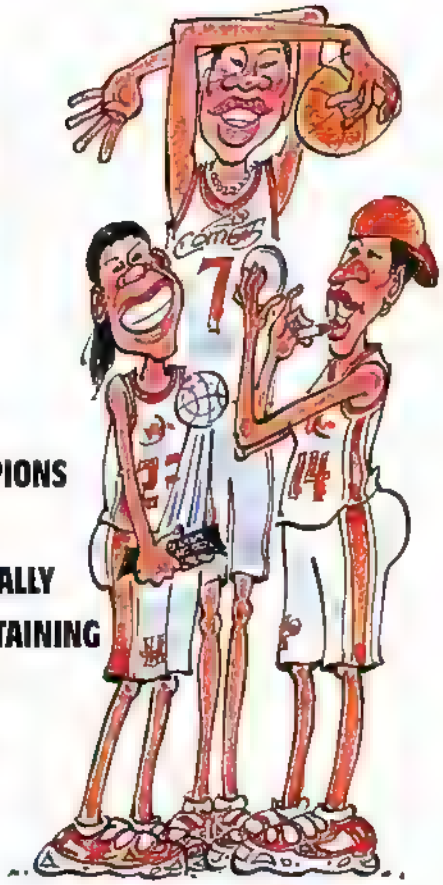
Sulking
Hulk's
Attitude
Quells
Unity
In
Laker's
Locker
Environs

Really **A**ren't **I**nto **D**elivering **E**xcellence; **R**elocate **S**uddenly

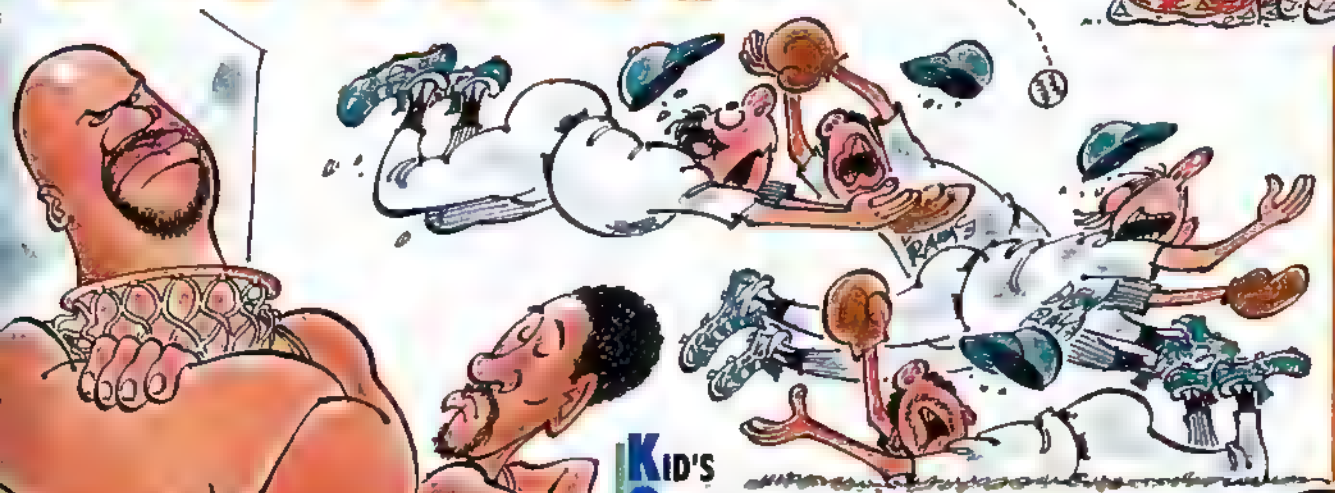
ACRONYMS KNEW EXISTED



Numerous **A**wful **S**cary **C**rashes **A**nd **R**equiems

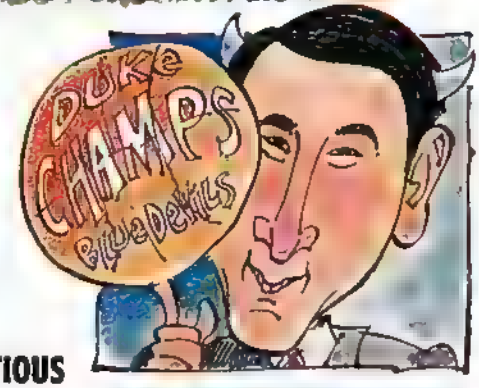


Champions **O**f **M**inimally **E**ntertaining **T**eam **S**port



Truly **A**wful **M**en **P**laying **A**trocious **B**aseball **A**ll **Y**ear

Kid's **O**vert **B**allhogging **E**nrages



KRZYZEWSKI

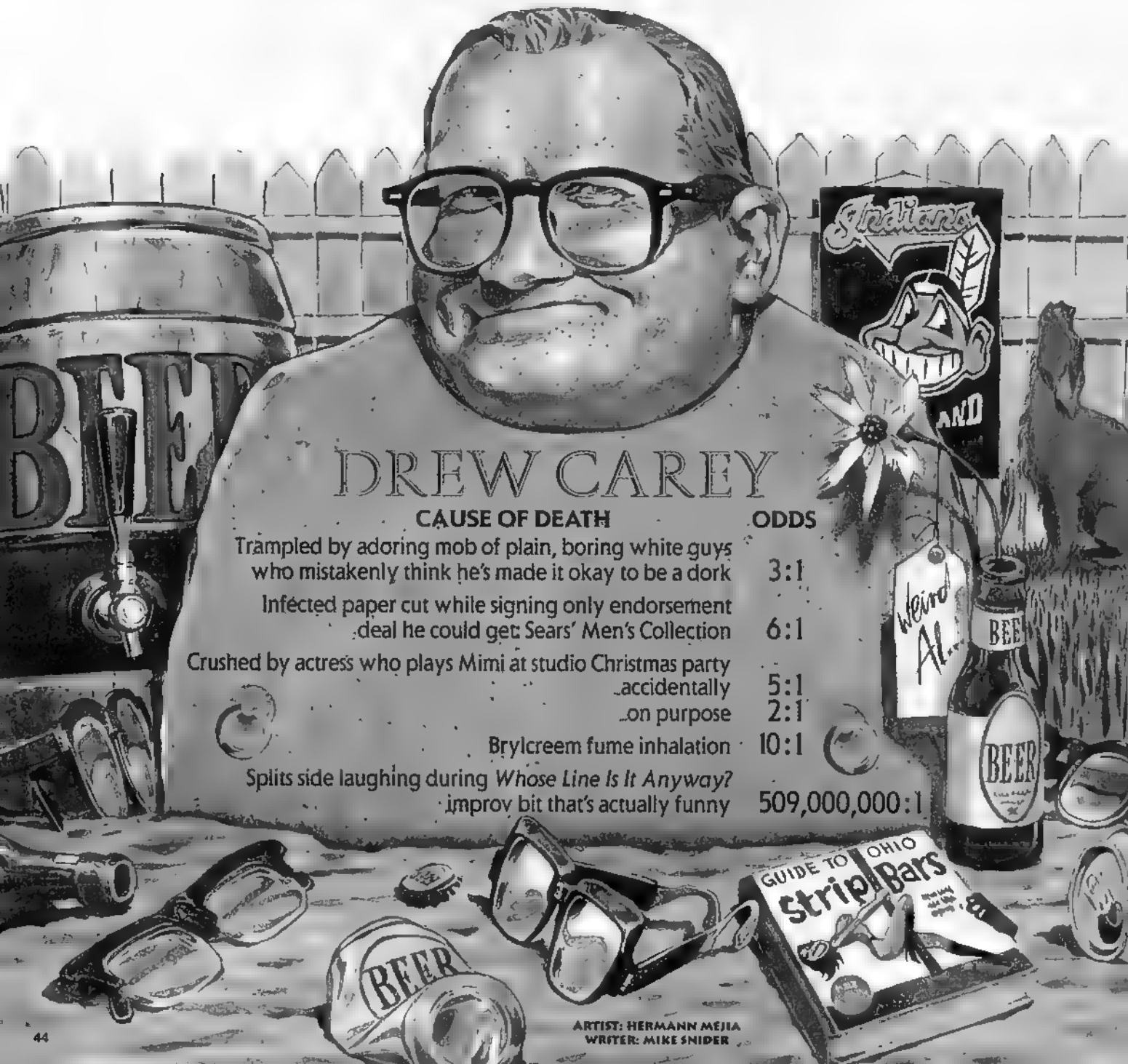
Yeah, right. Like anyone could possibly come up with an acronym for this guy!

Cutesy, **O**stentatious **S**tat-Hound; **T**ruly **A**nnoying **S**chmuck

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will be careyed out of this world!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE CORPULENT CORPSE:



DREW CAREY

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Trampled by adoring mob of plain, boring white guys who mistakenly think he's made it okay to be a dork	3:1
Infected paper cut while signing only endorsement deal he could get: Sears' Men's Collection	6:1
Crushed by actress who plays Mimi at studio Christmas party ...accidentally	5:1
...on purpose	2:1
Brylcreem fume inhalation	10:1
Splits side laughing during *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* improv bit that's actually funny	509,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

Real
Ad

NO EM

I'm **George Clooney**, aka **Dante Lotion**, the **leader** of the greatest band of **robbers** and **con men** ever **assembled** for a **film** that should **never** have been **remade!** There are **two plans** here! The **first** is to pull the **heist** of the **century** and rob the vault of the **Smellagio!** That's a **breeze!** The **second** is looking like **cooler cats** than **Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** We **tank** on that one! They were the **Rat Pack!** We're closer to the **Blah Bunch!** We're **stiff, lifeless** and **devoid** of **personality!** Meet the...

That's **Brad Pitt**, aka **Crusty Coolhand!** He's **hustled casinos** worldwide! He's my **right-hand man** and the **second** coolest guy in this film! He likes to say **he's Robin to my Batman**, but I **don't** like to be **reminded** about **that** movie! Not my best work! More people got **nauseous** watching **that film** than *The Perfect Storm*! Including **me! That's** what we **do** here on **this** film...**playful banter!** Lots of **tossed-off lines** that **sound** ad-libby but are **scripted, of course! Hey**, you **know** a film's in **trouble** when **Brad Pitt** is the **go-to comedy guy!**

Meet **Matt Damon**, aka Listless Cartel, aka **"The Kid"!** His specialty: **picking pockets!** Why do we **need** a **pickpocket** to **rob** a **Vegas vault?** We **don't!** We wanted **one more** pretty boy for **insurance!** Not for the **heist** for the **box office!** Let's face it, they might as well call **this** film ***The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys!***

Next comes **Bernie Mac**, aka **Crank Brazen!** He's the **"inside man"!** His job: he can **deal cards** and **watch everything** that takes place on the casino floor! So far all he's seen are **hookers, fat tourists** and a drunk lounge singer **throwing up** on a **Keno waitress!** Ah, there's **nothing** like the **glamour** and **glitz** of **Las Vegas!**

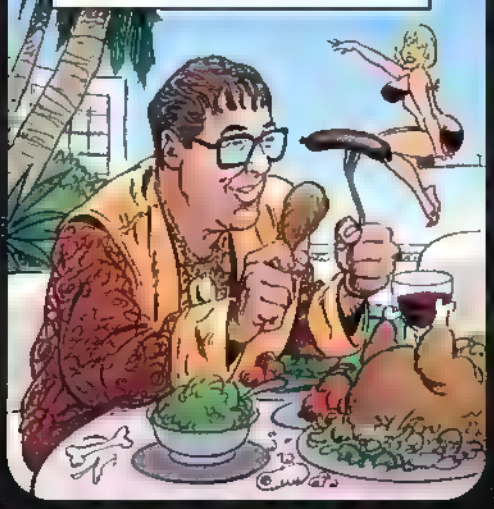
Next comes **Eddie Jemison**, aka **Livingston Dull**, aka **"The Geek"!** Livingston is the **nervous surveillance expert!** He's a specialist in **electronics, computers** and **wiring!** His job is A) to help **pull off** the **heist** and B) afterwards, to hook **everybody** in the group up with **illegal cable!**

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

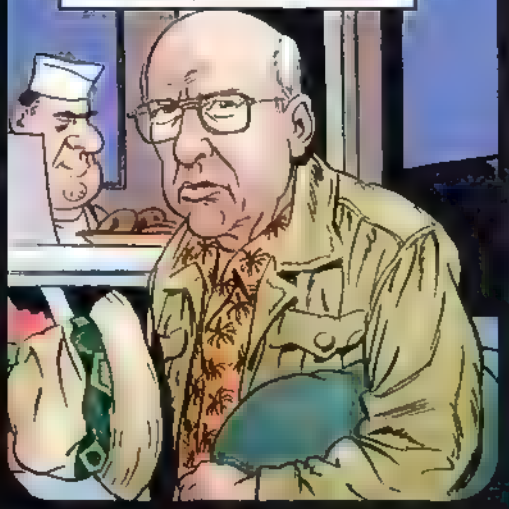
IOTIONS ELEVEN

That's **Don Cheadle**, aka **Trashar Barr**! He's our **demolitions** expert! **TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices** are his **specialty**! He can blow up **anything**! If I were **him**, my **first** job would be to attach a **pipe bomb** to the **acting coach** who taught him the **cockamamie cockney accent** he uses throughout **this film**! I **warn** you, you're **not** going to understand **one word** he says! Hell, I don't **either**!

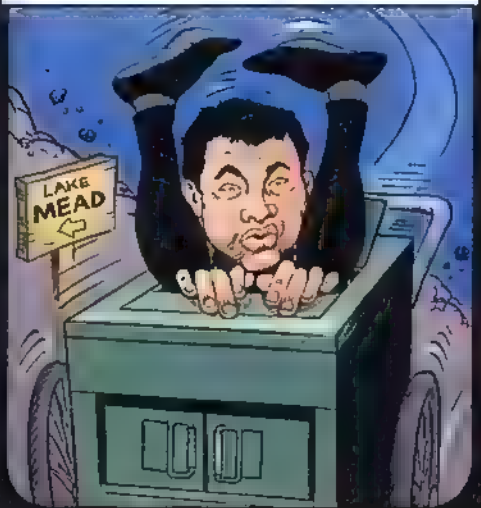
Over there is **Elliot Gould**, aka **Ruby Mishigoss**! There goes our **hip factor**! Elliot plays the film's **money man**! He **bankrolls** our operation! This heist is **dangerous**, but he **likes the action**! Hell, he's **used to long shots**! He was once **married to Barbra Streisand**! **Yeesh**! Talk about **bad odds**!



That other **old geezer** is **Carl Reiner**, aka **Sol Gloom**! Early in his career Carl worked with **Sid Caeser, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon** and **Larry Gelbart**, the **funniest group ever assembled**! They had him **laughing all the time**! Carl says hanging around with **this group** is a **nice change**!

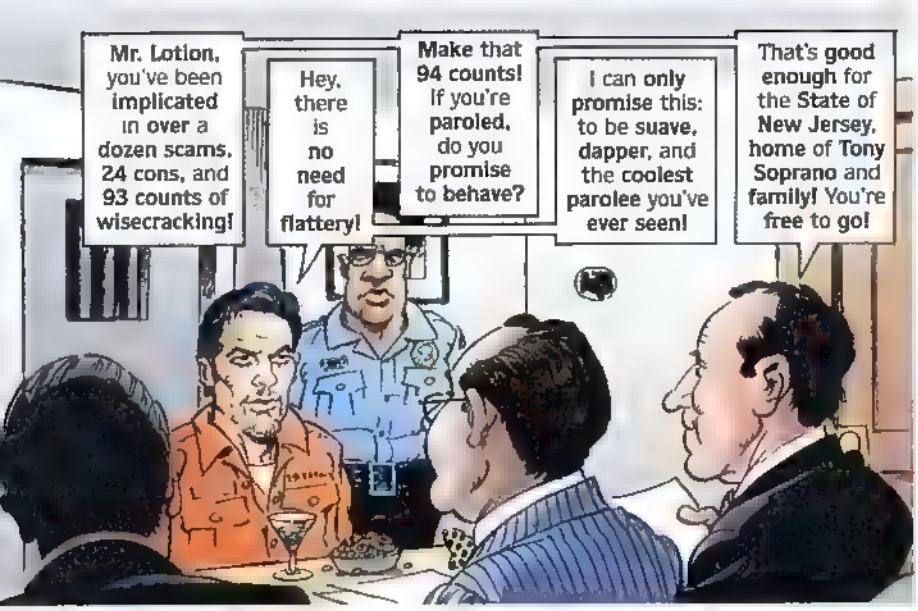


I now bow to **Shaobo Qui**, aka **"The Amazing Yawn,"** an **acrobat** who can **fit** into **small spaces**! During the heist he **folds** his body in **half** and gets into the **tiniest places**! Incidentally, there is also a **huge hole** I can **dive into**! It's called the **plot**! There's enough room there for **me, Yawn** and **every voter whose ballot wasn't counted in Florida**!



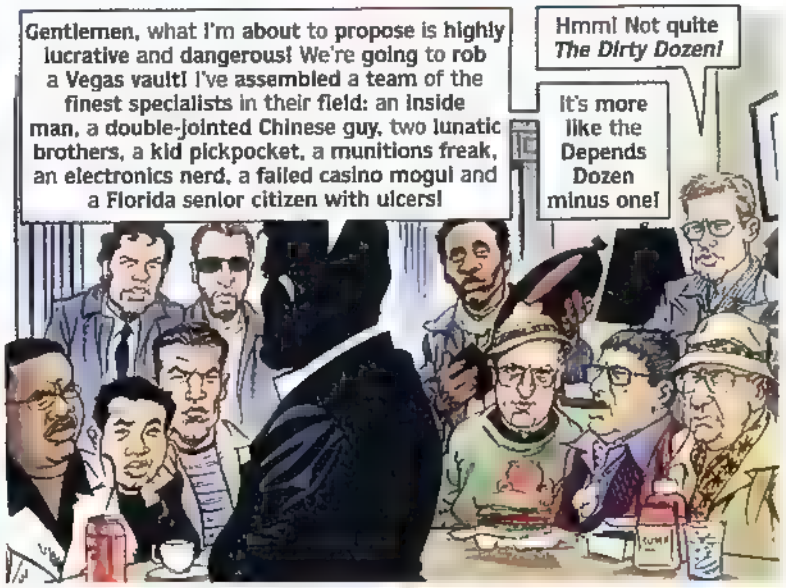
These next two are **Scott Caan** and **Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck**! They're the zany truck and car guys, Turk and Virgil Malloy! In this film they basically **drive cars around** and **argue**! Let's listen in...

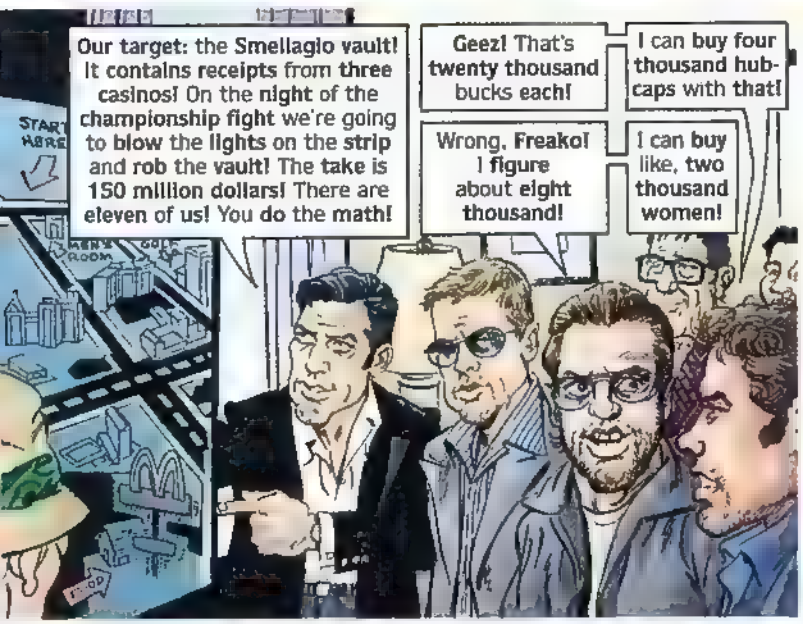
Later on you'll meet **Andy Garcia**, aka **Testy Benedrill**! He's the **second** most powerful **man** in Vegas **after Siegfried and Roy**! He's also **dating Julia Roberts**, aka my **former wife, Tush**! Julia's the **fifth prettiest person** in the film. Thank goodness **Gould** and **Reiner aren't hunks** or I think she would have **bolted this movie completely**!


Mr. Lotion, you've been implicated in over a dozen scams, 24 cons, and 93 counts of wisecracking!
Hey, there is no need for flattery!
Make that 94 counts! If you're paroled, do you promise to behave?
I can only promise this: to be suave, dapper, and the coolest parolee you've ever seen!
That's good enough for the State of New Jersey, home of Tony Soprano and family! You're free to go!

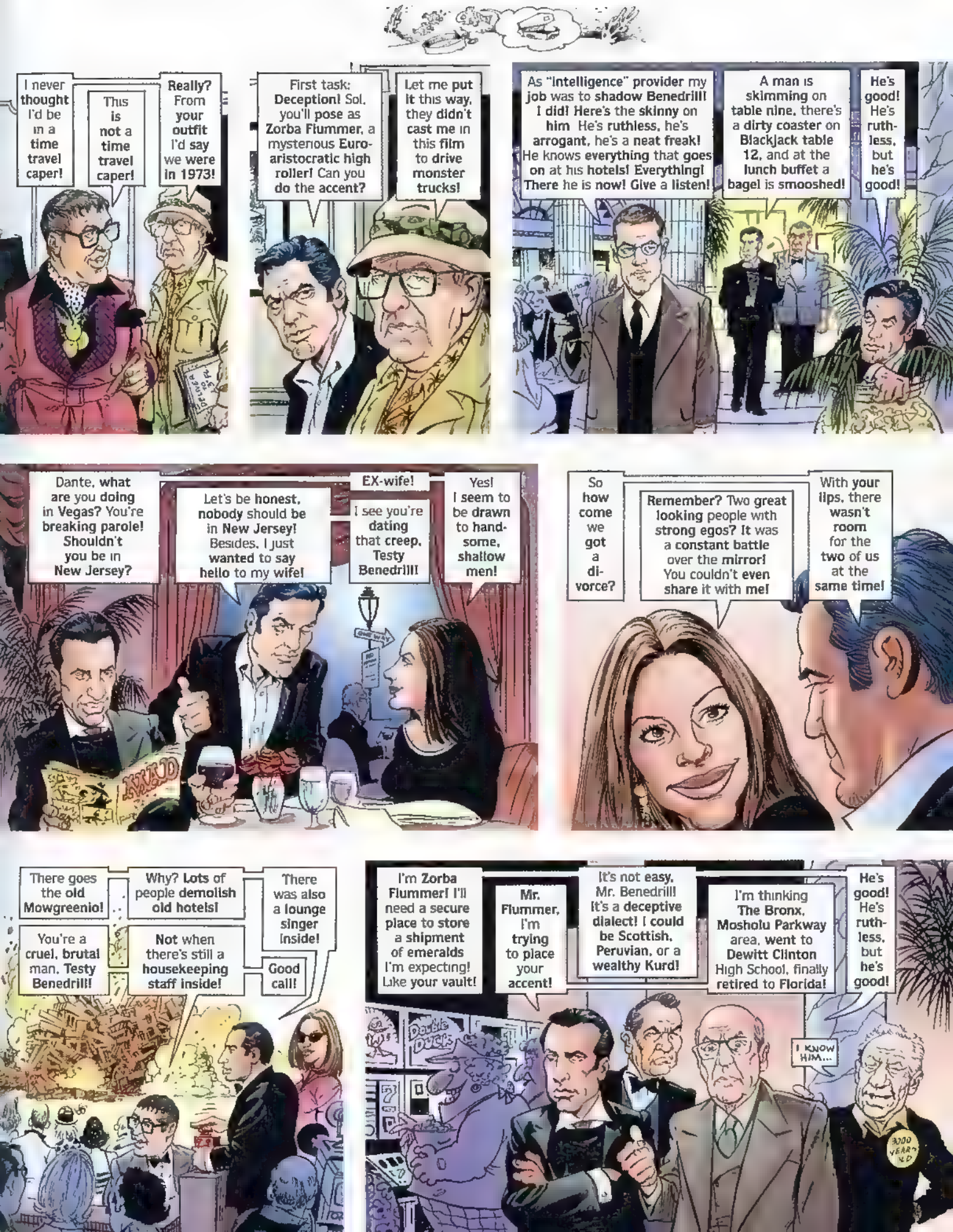
So Crusty, what's your scam here?
Teaching bad actors to play poker!
Bad actors?
Yeah! Grab a seat! You'll fit right in!

The plan's insane! You wanna knock over a casino?
Three casinos!
You're nuts! I'm out!
The pot is 150 million dollars!
Not interested!
It'll be like *The Sting!* I'll be Newman and you'll be Redford! Only we'll be cuter!
When do we start?

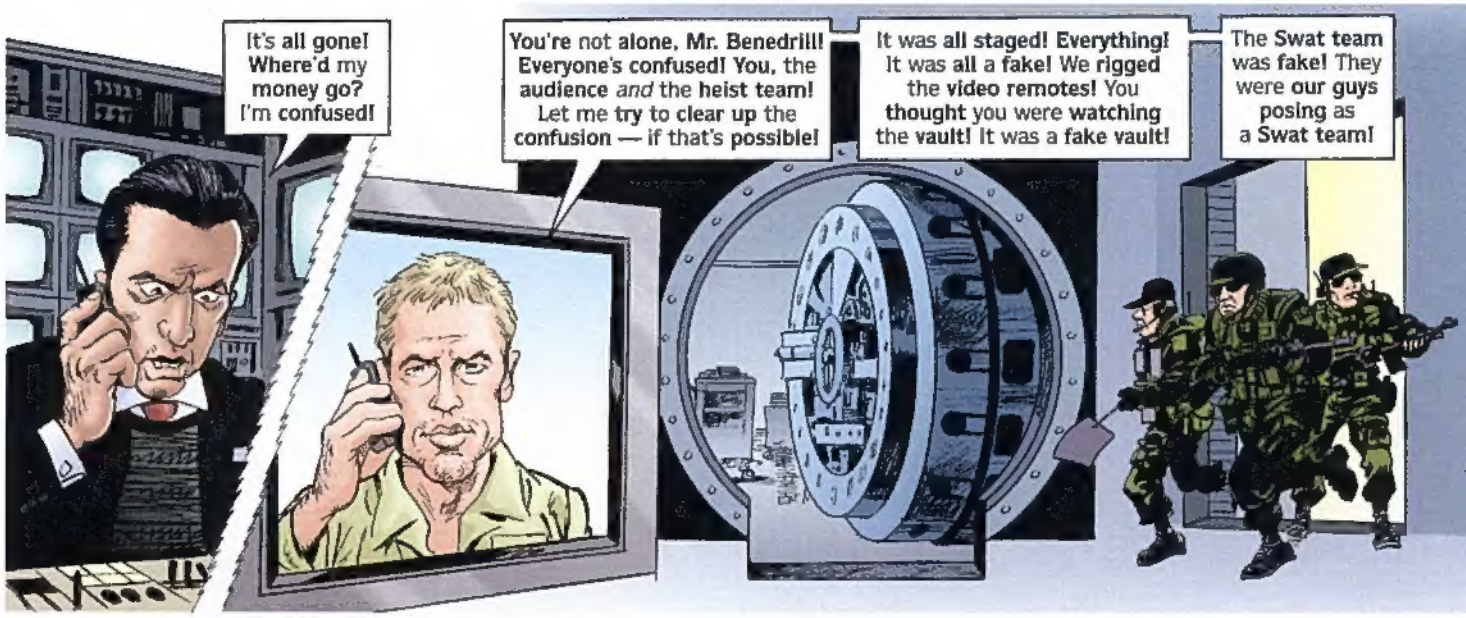

Gentlemen, what I'm about to propose is highly lucrative and dangerous! We're going to rob a Vegas vault! I've assembled a team of the finest specialists in their field: an inside man, a double-jointed Chinese guy, two lunatic brothers, a kid pickpocket, a munitions freak, an electronics nerd, a failed casino mogul and a Florida senior citizen with ulcers!
Hmm! Not quite *The Dirty Dozen!*
It's more like the Depends Dozen minus one!


Our target: the Smellaglo vault! It contains receipts from three casinos! On the night of the championship fight we're going to blow the lights on the strip and rob the vault! The take is 150 million dollars! There are eleven of us! You do the math!
Geez! That's twenty thousand bucks each!
I can buy four thousand hubcaps with that!
Wrong, Freako! I figure about eight thousand!
I can buy like, two thousand women!

I'm a little worried! Did we pick the right crew?
You don't think they can do the Smellaglo vault?
I'm not sure they can break through the sneeze guard at an all-you-can-eat buffet!

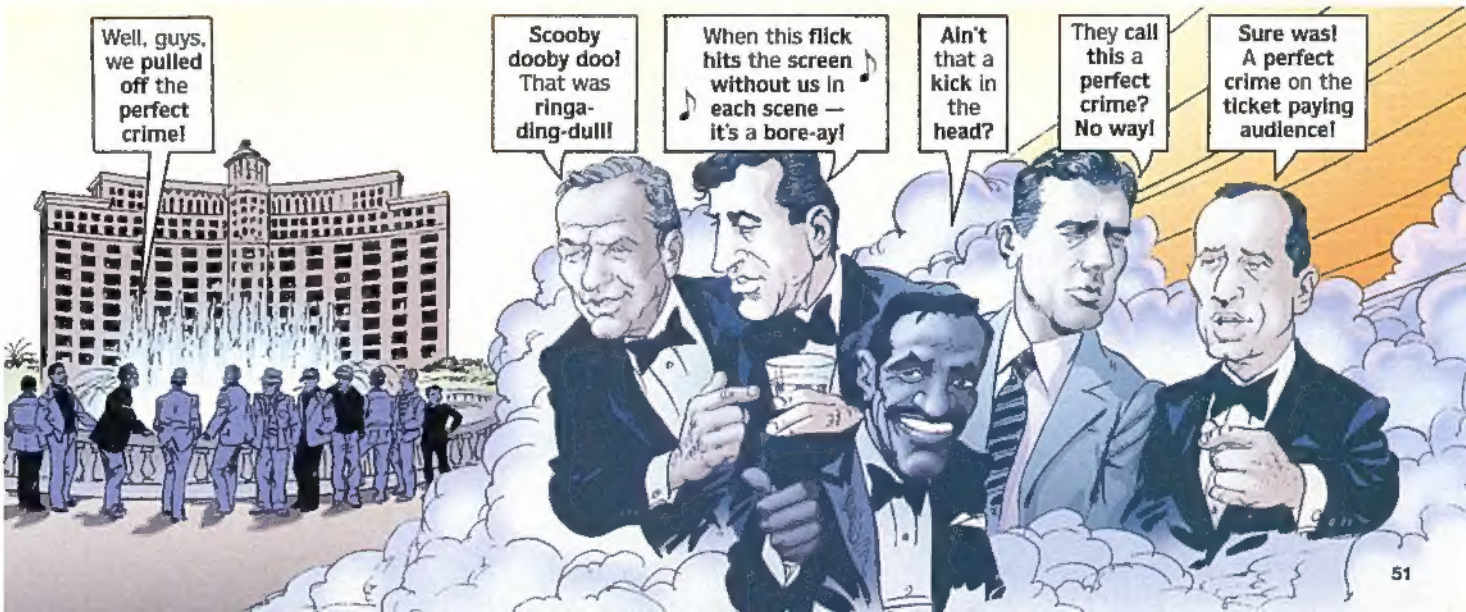

I never thought I'd be in a time travel caper!
This is not a time travel caper!
Really? From your outfit I'd say we were in 1973!
First task: Deception! Sol, you'll pose as Zorba Flummer, a mysterious Euro-aristocratic high roller! Can you do the accent?
Let me put it this way, they didn't cast me in this film to drive monster trucks!
As "Intelligence" provider my job was to shadow Benedrill! I did! Here's the skinny on him He's ruthless, he's arrogant, he's a neat freak! He knows everything that goes on at his hotels! Everything! There he is now! Give a listen!
A man is skimming on table nine, there's a dirty coaster on Blackjack table 12, and at the lunch buffet a bagel is smooshed!
He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!
Dante, what are you doing in Vegas? You're breaking parole! Shouldn't you be in New Jersey?
Let's be honest, nobody should be in New Jersey! Besides, I just wanted to say hello to my wife!
EX-wife!
I see you're dating that creep, Testy Benedrill!!
Yes! I seem to be drawn to handsome, shallow men!
So how come we got a divorce?
Remember? Two great looking people with strong egos? It was a constant battle over the mirror! You couldn't even share it with me!
With your lips, there wasn't room for the two of us at the same time!
There goes the old Mowgreenio!
Why? Lots of people demolish old hotels!
There was also a lounge singer inside!
You're a cruel, brutal man, Testy Benedrill!
Not when there's still a housekeeping staff inside!
Good call!
I'm Zorba Flummer! I'll need a secure place to store a shipment of emeralds I'm expecting! Like your vault!
Mr. Flummer, I'm trying to place your accent!
It's not easy, Mr. Benedrill! It's a deceptive dialect! I could be Scottish, Peruvian, or a wealthy Kurd!
I'm thinking The Bronx, Mosholu Parkway area, went to Dewitt Clinton High School, finally retired to Florida!
He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!
I KNOW HIM...
3000 YEARS OLD

It's showtime! We all have our assignments! At 7:15, Yawn folds himself into the cart! During the fight, Trashar blows the electricity on the strip! We have exactly 30 minutes to blow the power or Yawn suffocates!
We're playing it kinda tight! Do we have a backup plan?
Well, if we run a little late, I'll try to save Yawn with stuff I remember from ER!
Oh God! You call this a fight scene?
No, a schtick scene! If the audience wants a fight scene they'll go see Ali playing next door!
Yawn has four seconds of air left! Hit it! Blow the lights!
I hope Vegas doesn't have a giant surge suppressor!
What the hell happened? Vegas went dark!
This better be a new trick by David Copperfield!
Hello, I'm a "lady of the pitch black evening"! Wanna have sex? A thousand dollars!
Wow! That's pretty steep!
I'm gorgeous!
You are?
For the next ten seconds I am!
No more cards for me, dealer! I'll stand on 21!
But you don't have 21!
Now I do!
Welcome to our showroom! When the lights come back up on stage, you'll see the two biggest stars in all of Vegas!
You mean Steve and Eydie?
Nope! Britney Spears!
Yawn did it! He somersaulted backwards out of the cash cart, over the alarmed floor and onto the ledge! Amazing!
If you think THAT was an incredible leap, wait till you see how the rest of the story develops!
MAX KORN
Hello, Mr. Benedrill! If you watch the video feed, you'll see we are robbing you!
Congratulations! You're a dead man!
What should we do, boss?
Send a Swat team into the lobby! Follow their van to the airport! Unleash the Siegfried & Roy attack animals! Show no mercy!


It's all gone! Where'd my money go? I'm confused!
You're not alone, Mr. Benedrill! Everyone's confused! You, the audience *and* the heist team! Let me try to clear up the confusion — if that's possible!
It was all staged! Everything! It was all a fake! We rigged the video remotes! You thought you were watching the vault! It was a fake vault!
The Swat team was fake! They were our guys posing as a Swat team!

That airport van you were following was driverless! It was steered by remote control!
And the act on your showroom stage was not Wayne Newton! It was one of our crew dressed as Wayne Newton!

They blew up the bags, Mr. Benedrill, but no money! The bags were filled with filers for hookers!
Get rid of those things!
You may be needing them! Your girlfriend just left you!


Well, guys, we pulled off the perfect crime!
Scooby dooby doo! That was ringa-ding-dull!
When this flick hits the screen without us in each scene — it's a bore-ay!
Ain't that a kick in the head?
They call this a perfect crime? No way!
Sure was! A perfect crime on the ticket paying audience!

WHAT OGRE IS DESTINED TO HAVE A FRIGHTENING PRESENCE THIS OSCAR NIGHT?

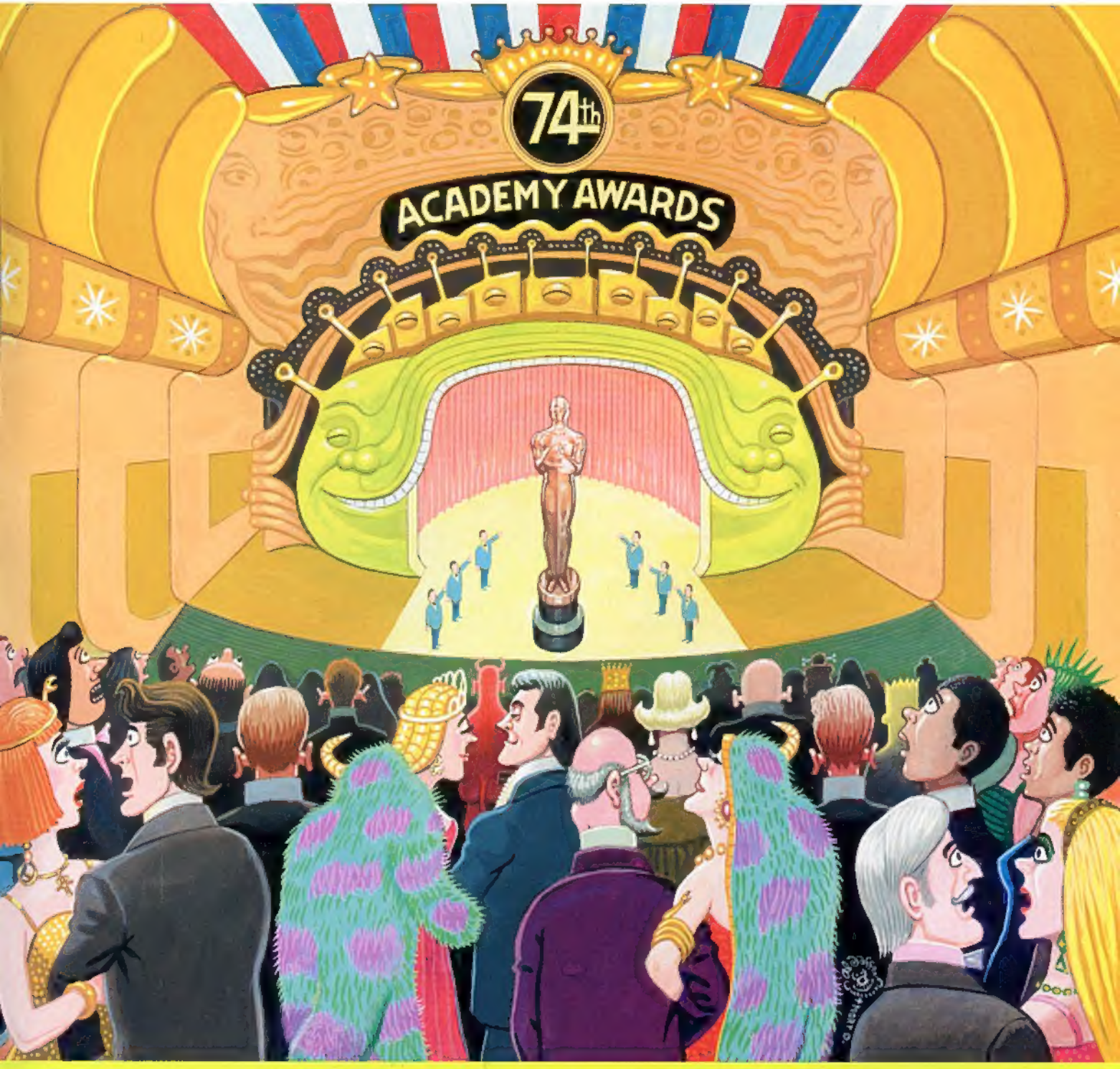
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every March the movie industry gives out little gold statuettes (better known as Oscars) to the créme de la créme of the film industry. All of the Hollywood elite come out for this big event. This year, however, potential winners may stay away, cowed by an odious and animated creature only a mom could love. To find out who this ogre is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



JOSTLING EACH OTHER FOR OSCAR HONORS CAN BE A MONSTER ATTRACTION THIS YEAR BUT THE SURE WINNER WILL AGAIN BE RIGHT BEFORE THE EYES OF TRUE OGRE LOVERS

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

WHAT OGRE IS DESTINED TO HAVE A FRIGHTENING PRESENCE THIS OSCAR NIGHT?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

JOAN

RIVERS

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